

# The Outlook

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## ARE WE CELEBRATING A COMPOUNDED FELONY?

Secretary Daniels has announced the plans of the Administration for the official opening of the Panama Canal. The President has determined to do full honor to that vast undertaking and to the Exposition at San Francisco by making his advent upon the scene at the head of an armada the like of which has never before been gathered together. The President, according to the present programme, of which many details remain to be worked out, will leave Washington for Hampton Roads, accompanied by his official family, on March 5, 1915. There the Mayflower will meet the international fleet, which will have been gathering from January 1. So far nine maritime countries have signified their intention to take part in the great naval parade through the Canal. These are Argentina, Cuba, France, Germany, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, Portugal, and Russia. After the ceremony at Hampton Roads, the President will take up his quarters on board the super-dreadnought New York, which will be at that time the most formidable war-vessel in the world. In the naval procession from Hampton Roads to Colon it is estimated that there will be between eighty and one hundred ships. The President will pass through the Canal itself on board the battle-ship Oregon, whose historic cruise at the time of the Spanish-American War furnished one of the strongest arguments for the construction of the Canal.

Commendable as it is that the President of the United States should be present to represent the Nation on this occasion of international rejoicing, the most casual observer will be forgiven, we believe, for noticing the ghost of an inconsistency between the Administration's attitude toward the celebration of the completed Canal and the position it has taken in regard to Colombia.

The present Administration believes that the United States grievously wronged Colombia in the process of acquiring the Canal Zone. As hush money to Colombia, it stands

willing to pay the sum of twenty-five million dollars and, as lagniappe perhaps, certain privileges which we are ready to grant to no other nation on the face of the globe. In planning the entirely justifiable celebration of the opening of the Canal the Administration therefore places itself, solely because of its attitude towards Colombia, an attitude quite unrelated to the facts, in the position of a man who has won the Derby with a stolen horse. The Administration is, of course, unwilling to return the horse. Far from it; it calls upon all its neighbors to rejoice in its tremendous victory. On the other hand, it is willing to pay the former owner enough to keep him quiet. The Administration in defending such a course on moral grounds very neatly and unescapably impales itself on both horns of a very pugnacious dilemma.

## THE REPEAL OF THE TOLLS EXEMPTION

Both houses of Congress have now passed and the President has signed the bill to repeal the provision in the Canal Act which exempted from the payment of tolls at the Panama Canal American vessels engaged in coastwise trade.

Some newspapers have hailed this as a vindication of American honor, assuming that by the exemption the United States had plainly violated its agreement with Great Britain. As the readers of The Outlook know, there are many authorities who hold that there is nothing in the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty which obliges the United States to charge tolls upon purely domestic commerce, and in the light of that fact it is gratuitous to impute to the Congress that provided for exemption anything dishonorable. The repeal was justified on the ground that whatever economic advantage was to be derived from the exemption was not worth the friction involved in an international lawsuit; but to hail this new enactment as the repudiation of a dishonorable act is unwarrantable, and ought

to be resented by every right-thinking American, whatever his opinion may be as to the meaning of the treaty or the desirability of exempting coastwise traffic.

Fortunately, Congress accompanied the act of repeal with a specific declaration that it was not a waiver or relinquishment of any right under the treaty.

#### A HERO OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE

Can any man who is not hardened and calloused in mind and soul afford to enter the public service? A man who is sensitive, quick in his responses, loyal to his convictions, and strong in his feelings, is capable of the kind of service that the phlegmatic, unresponsive, insensitive sort of man cannot render. And yet there is much which a democracy does or allows to be done that is sure to take the life, the spontaneity, and the real effectiveness out of the work of a man who is not endowed with the special powers of resistance, if it does not drive him out of the service itself.

Overton Price was the sort of man who, if only calloused men are wanted in the public service, had no place there; and yet even his untimely death as a result of ill health brought about directly by his experience in the public service does not convince us that democracy may not yet learn to use men of his stamp and temperament.

Born in England and educated there during his early years, Overton Westfeldt Price pursued a special course in forestry in this country and in Germany, and engaged in practical work of forestry on the Biltmore estate. He then entered what was at that time known as the Bureau of Forestry, and has since been called the Forest Service of the United States. For almost ten years he was Associate Forester. Then came the attacks upon the Conservation movement, which meant personal attacks upon those engaged in guarding the Nation's property. Everybody knows what the outcome of those attacks was—how the National Administration, under President Taft, failed to give support to these public servants, and how the scandal of the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy aroused the country, with the result that though Mr. Pinchot, the Forester, and his associates lost their positions, the assault which they had been resisting was stayed. Mr. Price, with rare courage and disregard of personal interests, played his part with great credit. The

result to him, however, was costly. Unsparing of himself in work, and unspared by the Administration, he broke down in health, and never regained, in spite of his own belief, what he had lost.

Republics, it is said, are ungrateful; but it is not merely gratitude that men want. Such a man as Overton Price, could have done well without gratitude if he had only been allowed to do the work that he was fitted to do. It is something that democracy has to learn—to use the power of its best public servants.

#### THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO FRANCE

President Wilson has sent to the Senate the name of William Graves Sharp, of Elyria, Ohio, to be Ambassador to France, in succession to Myron T. Herrick, former Governor of Ohio, who was appointed Ambassador to France by President Taft. As Paris seems to be visited by more Americans than any other capital in Europe, with the possible exception of London, the nomination of an American Ambassador to France is always of special interest to the American people at large.

The Paris post under the present Administration became the center of speculation long before President Wilson was inaugurated. It was currently reported at that time, and for a year after the inauguration, that the position had been offered to William F. McCombs, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee. For a long time Mr. McCombs was not prepared to decide whether he cared to accept or not. Later, after he had definitely declined, it was supposed that Secretary McAdoo was being considered. Meanwhile the Administration was glad of the opportunity of retaining Mr. Herrick, especially because of his expert banking knowledge, which, in particular, has been directed to a thoroughgoing study of the system of rural credits in Europe. His work in this direction has gone far to spread a knowledge of foreign credit operations among our bankers and farmers.

In comparison with any of the foregoing persons, the man whose name has been finally sent to the Senate for the post is not well known. He was born in Mount Gilead, Ohio, in 1859, from which place he moved to Elyria with his grandparents. He was educated in the public schools of that city, and in 1881 graduated from the Law Department of

the University of Michigan. He was admitted to the Ohio bar. He engaged in the manufacture of pig iron and chemicals, and during the two decades until his retirement his business continued to develop so amply that it became the largest of its kind in the country. In 1892 he was a Presidential elector on the Democratic National ticket; in 1900 he was nominated for Congress; in 1904 he was delegate to the Democratic National Convention in St. Louis, and the same year was elected to Congress. He has twice been re-elected. It is said that Mr. Sharp's name was among those considered for the Russian mission; the Russian Government, however, is understood to have found him *persona non grata* because he had voted for the abrogation of the commercial treaty between the United States and Russia.

#### PRINCE WILLIAM ASSERTS HIMSELF

The fighting in Albania has resulted in victory for the Government troops under Prince William of Wied, the new ruler. Last week, after Colonel Thomson, the Dutch commander of the gendarmerie, had been killed, Prince William himself took command of the defenders of Durazzo, the capital, and finally succeeded in silencing the rifle and artillery fire of the attacking forces. The casualties on both sides were numerous.

Colonel Thomson was the Dutch officer selected by the Powers to command the gendarmerie in succession to the Swedish officer who previously had held the position. Accounts vary as to the strength of the opposing forces. It is generally estimated, however, that the Government has about ten thousand trained and organized men, who are said to be opposed by nearly thirty thousand insurgents. For the most part, the rebels, it is understood, are undisciplined tribesmen. They are mostly fanatic Mussulmans, and demand a Mohammedan ruler of the country.

On the other hand, the Government is being aided by the Malissori tribesmen, who live in the north near Skutari. The peninsular position of Durazzo forms a natural fortress, easily defended by a few modern guns. Bluejackets from the international fleet lying off the Albanian coast have been sent ashore to guard the foreign legations. The international fleet is under the command of a British admiral. The motives leading to the international naval demonstration are, in the first place, to protect Prince William as the

candidate of the Powers for the head of the new State of Albania, and, second, to show the instigators of the insurrection that the Powers remain, and will remain, united concerning the Albanian question, and that there is nothing to hope for in a possible endeavor to foment discord among them.

#### TURKEY AND GREECE

"When a Constantine marries a Sophia, they shall reign at Constantinople," is an old Greek proverb. A Constantine did marry a Sophia. That was in 1889. He was the eldest son of George I, King of Greece, and she was the third daughter of Emperor Frederick III of Germany. By the assassination of his father last year, Constantine is now King of Greece. Will he reign at Constantinople?

Ever since the close of the Balkan wars Greece has been annoyed by attacks on the Greek inhabitants of Turkey-in-Europe and Turkey-in-Asia by the Turks. These attacks have increased in number and gravity so much that lately Prime Minister Venizelos, speaking in the Greek Parliament, characterized them as being "of a character such as history had never known until to-day, the object being the elimination of populations which have been living in the same places for several thousand years." The Premier added that the attention of the Turkish Government had been repeatedly called to the dangers likely to arise from these persecutions. The Turkish Government's reply was to attribute the movements to vengeance for the alleged suffering of the Mussulman populations in Macedonia. Thousands of Greek refugees have already arrived in Greece proper, and other thousands are awaiting transport, abandoning their entire possessions in order to escape persecution. The Greek Government has already demanded from Turkey the payment of damages for losses suffered at the hands of the Turks by Greek subjects on their estates in Asia Minor and in Europe. On the other hand, Turkey accuses Greece of oppressing Turkish subjects in the region of Salonika, the great port of Macedonia which was taken by the Greeks in the recent Balkan war.

#### A NEW BALKAN MENACE

The formal annexation of the Turkish islands of Chios and Mitylene by Greece a few

days ago did not help matters; it only exasperated the Turks, who have long struggled to retain these islands on the ground that they were necessary for the defense of the adjacent territory of Asia Minor. It may be remembered that the Powers, in discussing the possession of the Ægean Islands which had been occupied by Greece during the war, awarded nine of the eleven islands to Greece. The two returned to Turkey were Tenedos and Imbros, near the entrance to the Dardanelles. Chios and Mitylene were ceded to Greece with the other seven. The Turkish Government was much chagrined at this decision, and last January notified the representatives of the Powers at Constantinople that it would not accept "the unjust decision of the Powers."

The tension between Turkey and Greece has thus been very great. Anticipating an armed conflict, both Greece and Turkey have been in the market recently for war-ships. It is rumored that Greece has purchased the 2,600-ton cruiser which the New York Shipbuilding Company has constructed for the Chinese Government. A measure is pending in Congress authorizing the President to sell to Greece our old battle-ships the Idaho and the Mississippi, which are just about ready to be relegated to the second line.

It is understood that Greece has also attempted to purchase the two Argentine dreadnoughts which are building in this country. On the other hand, Turkey recently purchased a Brazilian dreadnought which will soon be completed in an English yard, and has ordered the construction of another modern battle-ship.

But the chief point of interest in all the above is this: that the war between Turkey and Greece could hardly be confined to Turkey and Greece. Smarting as they are with chagrin and mortification at the outcome of the second Balkan war, the Bulgars, it is believed, would be irresistibly tempted to aid the Turks, as against their victors, the Greeks and the Serbs. As to aid to Greece, the understanding which now exists between Greece, on the one hand, and Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro, on the other, would probably give to Greece not only moral but physical support, if necessary. The existence of such an agreement is perhaps the most reassuring circumstance in the present situation and may have a vital influence in settling the question.

#### THE "LITTLE NAVY" MEN SCORE

The proposal to sell to the Greek Government the battle-ships Idaho and Mississippi, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, may now possibly be abandoned by the Secretary of the Navy as a result of an opposing demonstration in the House of Representatives.

The provision for the sale was carried in the Senate as an item in the Naval Appropriation Bill, the item providing that if the sale were authorized the proceeds should be used to pay for another ship or ships. Then the matter went to the House. There the "Little Navy" members might gladly have authorized the sale of the two battle-ships but for the proviso as to the proceeds. As the "Little Navy" men had been defeated some weeks ago on the two battle-ship programme, they were determined to prevent a third battle-ship from being authorized, and they carried their point. Their victory was due principally to the absence from the capital of many members of the House who, had they been present, might have changed the vote; indeed, with the heat of the summer and the primaries coming on, it will be hard to keep a quorum in Washington; in the present instance, the sergeant-at-arms and his deputies had to search the city for members for four hours, while the business of the House remained, perforce, at a standstill.

The Naval Bill now goes to the Conference Committee. Will the Senate conferees recede? And, if they do, will Secretary Daniels press the matter further?

#### THE GENERAL STRIKE IN ITALY

Incredible as it may seem, the general strike in Italy as it proceeded became actually anti-dynastic, and, according to alarmists, even threatened the existence of the monarchy. The most turbulent regions were the Romagna, or "Emilia," as it is now officially known, and the Marches to the South, both on the Adriatic. Trade and traffic were disorganized throughout this region, which for days was a center of anarchy.

The movement was directed not only against the Government, but also against the Church. Throughout Italy fourteen churches were burned, about forty others damaged, and over twenty others looted. Perhaps the most remarkable occurrence took place at Senigallia, on the Adriatic, which from the early

Christian ages has been the seat of a bishop. Here the vandalism of the rioters and strikers applied the torch to the Cathedral and the two other churches, entirely destroying one of the latter and burning out the interior of another. A detachment of cavalry arrived at the Cathedral in time to save it from being destroyed as well. A torpedo-boat arrived at Senigallia, with a large company of sharpshooters, who have put down the disorder. War-ships have been sent to other Adriatic ports.

In contrast with this anti-clerical movement was the municipal election at Rome, which occurred at the same time, when the entire Catholic and Monarchist ticket was elected. Prince Colonna headed the list with over six thousand votes more than were received by Ernesto Nathan, the former Mayor, now in this country, who led the anti-clerical coalition.

On the Mediterranean coast, the principal events in the general strike occurred at Naples, where the leaders still continue their efforts to stir up workmen with the plea that the greater the number of strikers the more difficulty the Government will have in punishing employees who quit their jobs on the State railway lines. Four-fifths of all the railways in Italy are owned and operated by the Government. The service has now become fairly normal again throughout Italy, this largely owing to the fact that enough men have remained at their posts to operate the trains.

Of course the Government is studying means to avoid a repetition of the crisis, fully realizing how injurious the general strike has been to the principle of authority at home and to the prestige of Italy abroad.

#### A SEA TRAGEDY NARROWLY AVERTED

The danger of collision at sea was again emphasized a few days ago by the narrow escape of the steamship New York, of the American Line, from destruction when nearing her destination, New York City. When about four hundred miles from the American coast, during a dense fog, she was rammed by the Pretoria, of the Hamburg-American Line.

The collision occurred in the early morning hours, after both ships had been helplessly signaling each other for many minutes. A huge hole was made in the New York's bow, but luckily it did not extend below the water line, no lives were lost, and the injured vessel was able to proceed, under

reduced speed, to her destination. The only damage the Pretoria received, beyond a few bent plates and smashed portholes, was the loss of her port anchor, which by a curious chance was caught around a heavy steel support in the New York's forecastle and twisted from its steel cable as the vessels parted.

Captain Roberts, of the New York, stated that his ship had been brought to a full stop, but that the other vessel continued on her course, disregarding his signals, till the ships struck. He furthermore asserted that his own ship had been traveling in the new west-bound lane, which till recently was the old east-bound track, and that, while the New York was only seven miles off her course, the Pretoria should have been twenty-one miles south of him. Captain Dugge, of the Pretoria, denies that he was out of his course, and asserts that the New York was "entirely to blame for the collision." Official investigation will determine which of these conflicting statements is correct.

The conduct of Captain Roberts and his officers in their management of their ship, and especially the act of Captain Roberts in sending the New York full speed astern just previous to the collision, was admirable, and the behavior of the crew was generally praiseworthy in the time of danger, though several passengers complained that they had not been awakened by their stewards when orders were given by the captain that all passengers should be notified of the possibility of their having to leave the ship.

#### LESSONS OF THE COLLISION

The recent sinking of the Empress of Ireland, with the accompanying loss of nearly a thousand lives, and the still more terrible disaster two years ago in the loss of the Titanic, taken with this accident to the New York and the still more recent collision of the Kaiser Wilhelm II with a coasting steamer in the English Channel, emphasize the fact that collision is now the greatest danger that besets the transatlantic traveler. The next great triumph of invention should be the discovery of some means of making the whereabouts of vessels known to each other during a fog.

The ancient method of warning by the sounding of a fog-horn is unworthy of the present advancement of scientific knowledge, and some more efficient warning should be sought with the utmost diligence. The use

of whistles in signaling should be carefully investigated with a view to making the signals less confusing. After almost every collision there is now a conflict of testimony as to what signals were sounded and what they meant.

Possible misunderstandings as to "ocean lanes" should be avoided with the greatest circumspection, and the "lanes" themselves might well be made somewhat wider. If all west-bound vessels went on a course, say, three hundred miles from the course traveled by east-bound vessels, the distance would allow for possible errors due to fog and imperfect reckoning, and the few hours lost would be negligible in this era of extremely fast ships.

Heavy penalties should be visited on captains who fail to observe strictly the "rules of the road" at sea, and renewed vigilance as to lifeboat drill is demanded. Most transatlantic liners are now well provided with lifeboats, but the traveler who observes the perfunctory "boat drill" on some steamships will doubt as to the fate of passengers who might have to intrust their lives to the custodians of boats launched in the darkness following a collision if it flooded the engine-rooms and put the electric lights out of commission. Boat drills ought also from time to time to be gone through with at night, passengers receiving due warning in order to prevent alarm. A possible method of providing for more competent lifeboat crews would be the requirement of a certain proportion of men who, if not "able seamen," should be familiar at least with the management of a boat at sea, this fact to be shown by the possession of a government certificate. The human factor cannot be neglected, and any measures that can be taken by the governments of the various countries interested to improve the morale and the training of all who command or man the floating cities of the Atlantic should be instituted, in the interests of humanity.

On another page an article by the Spectator, who happened to be a passenger on the New York when the collision occurred, gives many details of an event which missed being a harrowing disaster only by the merest chance.

#### A VICTORY WELL WON

England's polo team under the leadership of Lord Wimborne and Captain Cheape is returning to Hurlingham with more luggage than it brought. The essential addition con-

sists of a box containing the cup which stands practically for the polo championship of the world. Despite the handicap of poor support at home, despite the disadvantage of playing on foreign soil, despite the redoubtable reputation of the Meadow Brook Four, the English team in two games came and conquered.

Just as America won from the last team of invaders by getting the jump on their opponents, so the English team secured the decisive moral advantage which comes from a commanding lead in a series by sweeping the American team to overwhelming defeat in the first game. This first game was, by the way, voluntarily postponed by the Polo Association because of an injury to the English captain during preliminary practice. This act of the Polo Association was characteristic of the spirit shown on both sides, a knowledge of which takes the sting from defeat and makes the laurels of the victor only so much the greener.

The second game of the series was won by England after a grinding and hard-fought battle. The final score was 4 goals to 2¾. Both teams actually scored the same number of points, but in polo the penalties which are exacted subtract directly from the score. The last game of the series was so close that at one time the American four was actually in the lead. Major Barrett, of the English team, however, securing the ball as it shot out from a scrimmage, made an easy goal and the last real chance of America vanished.

International polo, so far as America is concerned, has been summed up for no little time in the existence of the Meadow Brook Four. They have been very clearly the superiors of any other players in the country, and, with this commanding reputation and the backing which this reputation secured, they have long had a decided advantage over players in other parts of the country in the matter of ponies and the opportunity for engaging in polo games of the first rank. Perhaps this defeat of the Meadow Brook Four will in time react for the general benefit of the game throughout the United States. Though at present these players have not their equal, it is plain that any game which depends for National supremacy upon any one group of men, however excellent or however devoted these men may be, has not reached its greatest possibilities of development and benefit. It will not be surprising if within the next year or so we hear more

of players from the Middle West and the Pacific Coast. There is, too, if proper mounts could be secured, opportunity for the development of first-class polo among the officers of our army. Her army has been one of England's greatest resources for the production of players.

#### DEPARTMENT STORES AND UNION LABOR

The United States Commission on Industrial Relations now taking testimony throughout the country has heard a great deal of evidence on this point. Will a department store manager in any city from New York to Chicago discharge any employee who he believes belongs to a union? Disorganization or insubordination are the official reasons given for such a discharge; the shop-girl says those are but other terms for unionism.

Last week the Commission, sitting in New York City, heard Sylvia Schulman testify that she was dismissed from a department store in Brooklyn for "belonging to the Retail Clerks' Union," and that she was unable to obtain work in any other store for the same reason. At least Sylvia believed it to be the reason for her discharge, and no other testimony brought out by the Commission on that subject disproved her assertions. She said that the big stores of the city would not "stand for" the Union, and as soon as a girl was known to belong, out she went.

It was shown that the Retail Merchants' Association of New York City had an arrangement by which all stores belonging to the Association were kept informed of the names and reasons for dismissal of any employee by any firm which was a member of the organization.

A month earlier Miss Elizabeth Dutcher, social worker and Treasurer of the Retail Clerks' Union, was arrested one evening outside of a large department store in Manhattan while trying to speak to the employees from her own automobile. This was after she had given the required notice to the Police Department that she would speak at a certain time and place and received permission. The arrest was not made by the regular policeman on the beat, but by a sergeant called in by the store detective. The charge was disorderly conduct, and the magistrate fined Miss Dutcher ten dollars.

The manager of another department store, owned by a company controlling a group of stores, testified before the Industrial Com-

mission that in their store in Butte, Montana, the wages were higher than in their Eastern stores. He said that the employees of the Western stores were very generally organized, but he would not admit that that fact was the reason for the higher rate of wages.

All last winter Miss Dutcher found it necessary to conceal the nature of the meetings held to induce shop-girls to unionize by calling them "classes in economics," and obtained sympathy and the use for such gatherings of one of the settlement houses belonging to the Episcopal Church. This was because earlier attempts to organize the girls were frustrated by store detectives, or "spotters," who hung around the halls when the girls were coming and going and marked them for future retribution at the hands of their employers. Finally, Miss Dutcher's "class" at the parish house had to be given up because even this ruse was discovered and detectives were on the trail of the members. The times and places of the meetings of the Retail Clerks' Union are always kept secret for the same reason.

It would be invidious to mention the names of the stores here discussed, for these instances are typical. These facts have never, so far as we know, appeared in any of the daily newspapers of the country.

Many department store managers of New York City evidently believe that they must protect their employees from the unions, and do not recognize the necessity of organization of employees in large industries in order to secure justice through collective bargaining.

#### SAMUEL ISHAM

Eight years ago "The History of American Painting," by Samuel Isham, appeared. It is a large, illustrated, attractive book of the sort to appeal to the man-in-the-street as well as to the art critic. Some of those critics, however, remarked that the author, himself an artist, was not altogether untrammelled in his appreciations, as, indeed, who could be with his intimate personal friendships among living American artists?

But this may be hypercriticism. Taking the book as a whole, the text is a notably valuable aid to the general grasp of the history of American art. Nothing, up to the time of its publication, had been of greater value, and, in our opinion, nothing since has been. The book is worthy of a place in every library because of its usefulness as a reference book, and the high lights which Mr.

Isham knew well how to throw throughout make the volume emphatically readable.

Its author has just died at Easthampton, his country home. He was born in New York City in 1855, and was educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, and at Yale, graduating from the University in 1875.

After studying abroad, he returned to New York City and was admitted to the bar. In 1883 he took up painting in Paris at the famous Atelier Julian, studying under Boulanger and Lefebvre. Mr. Isham followed his profession in New York City, and was a prominent member of the National Academy of Design. Not a great painter, as we use that adjective in speaking of Sargent and Inness, Mr. Isham both by his brush and pen did work effectively for the prestige of American art.

Personally, Mr. Isham was of gentle manners; he was unassuming and appreciative, and everything that was snobbish, arrogant, or pretentious was abhorrent to his nature; from his college days on he made and kept friends as few men do.

#### COMMENCEMENT NOTES

At Princeton the thirty-fifth anniversary of the brilliant class of 1879 brought back President Wilson, who, at his urgent desire, was received as an old "grad," not as President of the United States. The theme of President Hibben's baccalaureate sermon was the mystery of man, of God, and of God in man. "We thinking men," said he, "dare not ignore the deeper meaning of life." Your life, he said to his hearers, is a phase of the eternal process which has brought you into being, and has prepared you to fulfill certain particular functions in the divine economy. Believe in something greater than yourselves, he urged them, and preserve some shrine in the secret places of your being where you keep a divine fire burning on the altar of the soul.

Chancellor Brown's commencement address at New York University dwelt on the first duty of the United States as a world-power—our need of commanding the confidence of Latin America and of the Far East, as well as that of Canada and Europe, by the maintenance of righteousness in our foreign affairs. College men should stand for clear thinking on such subjects, and for the patience of clear thinking, he said, and are called with no uncertain calling to co-operate in this never-ending work.

The Secretary of War, Mr. Garrison, in

addressing the graduating class at West Point reviewed the record of the army during the year. Its multifarious services for the relief of sufferers by storm and flood, besides its keeping peace on our southern border and its operations at Vera Cruz, have shown it to be "the all-round handy man of the Government." From the records of its efficiency both in domestic and in foreign exigencies he drew the lesson of the worth of character, the character whose discipline to self-control gives control in trying situations, and whose maxim is "honor, valor, vigor."

Be larger than your profession, was the baccalaureate lesson at Yale from President Hadley. Professional ambition is a good thing, but not the best thing. The man who plays for prizes only is a destructive force in the community. We have learned in college, President Hadley said, to value men for what they can do for the community rather than for what they can do for themselves.

The Yale Divinity School has been renamed the School of Religion, a name whose inclusion of humanity and divinity better recognizes the social lines of the many-branched equipment now needed by all teachers of applied religion. The study of religion has been opened this year to undergraduates in the College by a new course on "The Founders of Christianity," giving a brief introduction to the important Biblical records and the Jewish and Græco-Roman background of Christianity. Next year another new course is proposed in the "Methods and Principles of Religious Education and Social Service." This is quite in line with the design of the founders of the College to train men for efficient citizenship in Church and State.

#### AN ANTI-NOISE POLICEMAN

Baltimore has the credit for the first anti-noise policeman in the United States, and, so far as we know, in the world. His name is Maurice E. Pease, and he was appointed by the Police Commissioners at the instance of the Anti-Noise Committee of the City Medical Society. In a recent report to his superior officer he stated that there are a large number of unnecessary noises. The first batch consisted of whistle-blowers, roller-skaters, auto-horn soloists, "those who are afflicted with the most acute stage of graphophonitis," cornet virtuosi who practice at unseasonable hours, hucksters who blow horns and ring bells, and crowing roosters. As

far as the auto-horn soloists are concerned, the anti-noise policeman is not having a difficult time. His report shows that he has given effective warning to two hundred and thirty-five owners of motor trucks and motor delivery wagons.

With crowing roosters Officer Pease is having a little more difficulty. But, with the co-operation of the Board of Police Commissioners, he has suppressed these under the common law as nuisances. The important thing to note is that they are no longer permitted to annoy and harass the denizens of the built-up portions of the city. The most important work which the anti-noise policeman has so far performed is the strict and effective enforcement of the hospital zone law.

In a voting contest on noises which disturbed them, the patients of Union Protestant Infirmary mentioned the following in a list of annoyances: Crowing roosters and cackling hens, cats, hucksters, Negroes singing until after midnight, noisy school-children, both black and white, wagons in alleys early in the morning, street pianos, graphophones, roller-skating, car bells, car wheels scratching on curves, reckless driving, noise at mail-boxes.

#### SOUTH AMERICAN ECONOMICS

The nineteenth century was marked by the economic growth of North America, especially of the temperate region represented by the United States and Canada. The twentieth century will doubtless be marked by the economic growth of South America, especially of that temperate region represented by Argentina, Uruguay, southern Brazil, Paraguay, southern Bolivia, and Chile.

With the elimination of the United States as one of the sources of the world's food supply, and with our entrance into the consuming class, the development of this South American region becomes increasingly necessary. Agriculturally it is already actually very rich, while its potential value can hardly be estimated. Its wealth comes from its crops of wheat, corn, and linseed; from its prodigious cattle ranges and packing plants.

Its products demand transportation, and account for great railway development. To show how much more the Englishman has taken advantage of this situation than has the American, it may be stated that the amount of British capital used for railway development in Argentina alone is no less than \$875,000,000. Even the French have invested

\$112,000,000, a sum almost as great as that invested by the people of Argentina themselves.

Railway ownership is interesting not only because of the disposition of dividends, but also because of its influence upon supplies. Practically all of the Argentine railway equipment must be imported. Foreign railway companies favor, whenever practicable, the manufacturers of their own country, and this has proved of great benefit to the British.

The topography of Argentina is favorable for railway construction, but there are certain adverse conditions. These are chiefly, we learn from a pamphlet just published by Mr. Lavis, the eminent engineer, the scarcity of stone and gravel, and the high cost of fuel. He tells us that, owing to the scarcity of stone, nearly all bridges are of steel. The expense of importing gravel or stone for ballast is partially atoned for by the abundance of *quebracho*—a kind of scrub oak—for the cross-ties made from it have a life of from ten to twenty-five years. Coal has to be imported, and costs the railways from \$10 to \$12 a ton on the engines.

In Argentina, as in this country, the National Government exercises strict supervision over the inter-state railways. Both countries, justly asserts Mr. Lavis, have arrived at the point where the importance of the national control and the lessened value of the sovereign rights of the constituent states are becoming more and more apparent.

#### A TASK AHEAD

Mr. Gregory Mason's correspondence from Niagara Falls, printed on another page, confirms our feeling that in its management of the Mexican problem the Administration has been dealing in theories insufficiently corrected by the facts. It also confirms our feeling that the country must be prepared to do in Mexico, in perhaps a different way but in the same spirit, what it has done in Cuba and the Philippines. We cannot see any prospect of a common understanding between the United States and those whom Huerta represents. We cannot see any prospect of a successful government independently established and maintained by the uneducated and brutalized population which Villa represents. In some way, and at some time, the United States must assume direct responsibility for the institution of order and liberty in Mexico. If the task is now postponed, it

will arise again, with perhaps new complexities and greater dangers.

## PSYCHOLOGY, DISSOLUTION AND DISTRUST

All over this land thousands are suffering from the loss of income. Some, dependent on profits from shares in business enterprises, find their dividends reduced or cut off altogether; others, dependent upon wages, have had their wages reduced or have been dismissed because there was no employment for them. This is not a theory; it is a fact. It cannot be changed by the quotation of statistics about bank clearances or crop reports. It means worry and hunger.

President Wilson has said that the reason for this state of disorganization in business is merely "psychological." So, we add, is the reason for every recurrence of business depression—as the very word "panic," when used to denote a financial crisis, indicates. So is the reason for every widespread human experience. So it always will be as long as man's material environment is ruled by his mind.

President Wilson has accounted for this state of mind that has caused this state of affairs by attributing it to a concerted action among business men to dissuade Congress from further legislation, and, in particular, from the enactment of the proposed anti-trust bills. In proof of this the President has made public a letter sent out by the president of the company publishing a woman's paper—the "Pictorial Review"—to about a hundred customers. In that letter this business man urges his correspondents to write to Congressmen, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and the President letters expressing their opinion in favor of higher railway rates and the postponement of "all anti-business legislation."

The idea that such a circular letter could have any bearing upon the business uncertainty of a nation would have been ignored as preposterous if it had been suggested by any lesser personage than the President of the United States. Such a suggestion, however, even if not regarded as preposterous, is certainly undemocratic. To criticise business men for taking concerted action in order to bring their views before Congress can be justified only by assuming that business men have no part in democracy. The very basis

of democracy is the right of men to bring before their representatives their opinions, and to persuade their representatives by statement of fact and by argument. Business men who unite to do this are not only exercising their right, they are doing their duty.

President Wilson in saying that the cause of the present business depression is psychological is right; in accounting for the psychological cause by charging business men of this country with conspiracy he is wrong.

Business is founded on mutual trust. Where dishonesty and falsehood and suspicion prevail, commerce and trade are insecure. Whatever promotes dishonesty and falsehood, on the one hand, or suspicion, on the other, disrupts business.

Investigation is organized suspicion. Sometimes suspicion is justified by the existence of falsehood and dishonesty; and where suspicion is justified investigation is obligatory. Those who believe that in business in America falsehood and dishonesty prevail will naturally believe that the chief duty of government in America is to suspect and to investigate. Those who believe that all combination is wrong, and that all plans and purposes of business men to combine are a menace as a form of dishonesty and unfairness, will believe that the tendency of business in this country is towards dishonesty and unfairness because it certainly is towards combination.

There are therefore in this country two great parties, though they are not as yet distinctly marked from one another by name or organization. One party believes that the tendency toward combination and co-operation is a wholesome tendency, that its basis is honesty, and that it is a sign of intellectual and moral development. Those who believe thus recognize that the greatest and most powerful union must be the union of all, namely, the Government; and that all other combinations must be under regulation and control by the Government. The other party is afraid of a strong government, afraid of combination, afraid of this tendency toward co-operation. In particular, those who are of this party look upon business combinations as signs of evil, and they wish to resist this tendency toward combination in business.

Corresponding to these two great parties there are two great policies. The party that believes in combination advocates the policy of regulation. The party that is afraid of combination believes in a policy of dissolution. That these two contrasting views are held

even within the Progressive party has recently been indicated by the publication of a letter from Mr. Amos Pinchot in which he denounces the policy of regulation as advocated by Mr. Perkins, Chairman of the Progressive National Committee, and urges in its stead a policy of dissolution.

The policy of regulation assumes that most great corporations are willing to comply with the law if they know what it is. It is a policy of co-operation between the Government, which is all the people acting politically, and business, which is all the people acting commercially. The great majority of all the people are very far from being multimillionaires, and yet the great majority of all the people are engaged in productive activity—that is, in some kind of business. The policy of regulation recognizes that the Government, while it co-operates with business, must control it.

The policy of dissolution assumes that most great corporations are essentially and intrinsically lawless and potentially criminal. It is a policy of disorganization. It is a policy of investigation. It is based upon distrust and suspicion.

The policy of regulation promotes and strengthens confidence because it is based on belief in the essential honesty of the tendency of modern business.

The policy of dissolution promotes distrust and suspicion because it is based on a belief in the essential dishonesty of the tendency of modern business.

Whether consciously or not, the present Administration is basing its plans for business legislation on investigation and distrust. It openly avows its conviction that combination means oppression and monopoly. It openly wishes to subject all large enterprises to a process of inquisition and to prevent other enterprises from becoming large enterprises. It openly regards all concerted movement among business men as a form of conspiracy. Thus the present Administration is pursuing a policy that necessarily breeds distrust and suspicion, and therefore necessarily disrupts business.

Those who believe that all business has become so corroded with dishonesty that there is no way of making it clean except by a process of distrust, suspicion, investigation, and dissolution are in duty bound by their conscience to favor the policy of the present Administration. Those, however, who believe that modern business is essentially clean

and honest, and that the tendency to combination in business is as wholesome and beneficial as the tendency to combination in religion, philanthropy, and education, are in duty bound by their conscience to express their disapproval of the present Administration's policy, and to do what they can to substitute for it a policy of regulation and co-operation.

## THE VIVIANI CABINET

Last week occurred a striking event in French history. M. Ribot had succeeded in forming a Cabinet in which at least four members besides himself were of Presidential timber. The Cabinet was pre-eminently distinguished. And yet it lasted just sixty hours.

What was the reason? First, the Cabinet was, in general, of a more conservative complexion than is the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, and when M. Ribot asked for a vote of confidence that vote failed him. Second, M. Ribot insisted upon a very rigid application of the three-year military service law. That also was resisted by the Socialists and many Radicals. Third, M. Ribot asked Parliament to authorize the issue of a loan not exempt from the income tax. As the French Government loans are exempt from such taxes, this was also resisted.

Accordingly, the Ministry fell. If the combination presented by the union of such names as those of MM. Ribot, Bourgeois, Delcassé, Peytral, and Clementel could not move the French Deputies, there must have been some strong underlying cause. That cause, we think, is found in the character of the man who has now succeeded in forming a Cabinet. His portrait appears on page 448.

Of the men in French public life, René Viviani, in our opinion, best symbolizes the New France. In the first place, he was born in Algeria, where a new France of mixed race is springing up. In the second place, his appearance and manner differ from those of the traditional Frenchmen. He has not their nasal tone; his clear tenor voice has already earned for him the name of "the Caruso of the Chamber." In manner he is not pretentious, as many French orators are; on that account his speech is fuller of impact; his big brown eyes look straight through his opponents. His speech is free from nervousness;

it has an academic correctness. The whole man betrays no evidence of worn-out fiber; his being seems full of electric snap and militant power; he is a master of current questions. René Viviani went to Paris to practice law. He obtained a brilliant reputation, particularly as a student of economic conditions. In 1893 he entered the Chamber of Deputies as a member from the Sorbonne quarter of Paris. He has been a member ever since except during the years from 1902 to 1906. He is not to be called a Socialist, in the sense that many use that expression, though in 1905 he participated in the Socialist unification and remained "unified" for a year. He then became a member of the Clemenceau Cabinet. Seeing M. Viviani's exceptional qualifications for the position, M. Clemenceau, with characteristic cleverness, created the Ministry of Labor, and Parliament approved it. M. Viviani was its first occupant, and continued as Minister in the Briand Cabinet until 1910. Last December he became a member of the Doumergue Cabinet.

So thoroughly, however, had M. Viviani intrenched himself in the respect of the people that his very entry into the Doumergue Cabinet was accepted by many as an indication that, when the Cabinet fell, he would be the man to be intrusted with the formation of a new one. And it so turned out. President Poincaré sent for M. Viviani first of all, and only when the latter found himself unable to form a Cabinet were others consulted. After the downfall of the short-lived Ribot Cabinet M. Viviani was again consulted, and this time with success.

The significance of the new Cabinet, we believe, is that its head symbolizes the New France. Before and beyond everything the New France is an industrial democracy.

Among the French the prevailing feeling is that with M. Viviani politics has been a second consideration, that his first aim has been economic, not political; that he has always allied himself with the particular group in Parliament which could best further the cause of labor. It is all very well to have men so eminent in foreign affairs and finance and education as were those who composed the Ribot Ministry, and who represent the fine old France. But the underlying feature increasingly evident in French life is the cause of labor. There are no more laborious, economical, or efficient people in the world than are the French. History has shown how they have toiled and moiled to support the

Government in power, be it monarchy or republic. But history has also shown by the most dramatic of episodes—the French Revolution—what can be accomplished when the French nation rises because of economic oppression.

The present epoch is, in our opinion, just as interesting as was the epoch of the Revolution, a hundred and twenty-five years ago—an epoch which expresses itself in different terms, but in terms that are insistent. We are confident that M. Viviani reads these signs of the times aright, and that he will not only accomplish something for the French people in preserving to them their primacy in matters economic, but will mark the beginning of a new era. For the glory of France is not only that she has been the world's teacher in art; she has also been one of the world's great teachers in political economy.

## PROGRESS IN JAPAN

The return of Count Okuma to the Premiership a few weeks ago marked the end of an era in Japan. It was not only extremely interesting from many points of view, but it was the beginning of another age in the political and commercial development of the Empire. Count Okuma once described himself as a representative of the Meiji era—the era that ended with the death of the late Emperor two years ago, in August. If to live through an entire age, to be largely in its councils, to have studied it from the inside, so to speak, is to be a representative, no Japanese now living so thoroughly embodies the traditions and the wisdom of the Meiji era as Count Okuma. But, while he was in it, he was not wholly of it; he was always in advance.

Count Okuma might have joined the small group of Elder Statesmen, which included many of the leaders of the Meiji era; men of large experience and of great ability who handled a very difficult situation with great skill. They were, of course, more or less bound by the conditions of their period. Prince Ito, who framed the Japanese Constitution after ten years' study, had to harmonize the hitherto absolute power of the Emperors with a power of representative government, and created the body known as the *Genro*, or Elder Statesmen, as a kind of "buffer" between the Emperor and his Ministry. In all parts of the East for centuries past there has rarely been direct contact between principals in politics or in commer-

cial affairs, or even in social affairs; the Western directness involved an abruptness and an absence of diplomatic finesse foreign to the Oriental habit of mind. There has always been a "go-between;" some one who, by understanding, skill, and consultation, has effected an adjustment of difference or has secured a basis of understanding between two persons or two groups. The Elder Statesmen discharge the functions of "go-between;" and for many years, owing to their position, their access to the Emperor, their ability and prestige, they were the real rulers of Japan. Only four of them are living, and these are all elderly men. One of the ablest of them, Prince Oyama, who was the Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese armies during the war with Russia, is an expert in military matters and belongs almost wholly in that field. Count Okuma has always remained aloof and has been a free critic. Ministry has succeeded Ministry, while in the political drama he has been a kind of chorus, commending or condemning policies and Ministers as they passed, and securing and retaining in rare degree the confidence and regard of the people.

For many years Japan has been governed largely by men from two provinces, Satsuma and Choshu, one standing for the army and the other for the navy. Both these clans were represented by very able men during the critical period which followed the restoration of the Empire to power in 1868, and the two groups have been reinforced from time to time by able men. But the people have grown tired of what they have called the rule of the clans, and Count Okuma has for a long time personified the growing determination of the nation that the approaches to political power shall be more open. As Minister of Finance, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, as the inaugurator of party government, and as Prime Minister he has been the informal leader and the frank counselor of the progressive party.

Four years ago he wrote: "In the early days of national reform countries advance bravely and enthusiastically on their course, but midway they are apt to falter; their pulse grows sluggish and their energies flag." And he declared that he saw in Japan signs of the exhaustion of mental activity and relaxation of moral fiber. In this Count Okuma was undoubtedly right. After the tremendous strain and the fundamental changes of fifty years, there undoubtedly is, not reaction,

but relaxation of spirit in Japan. In this relaxation the Prime Minister does not share. He retains much of the energy and all the enthusiasm of youth. In spite of this relaxation the movement to secure for the people a larger share in determining national policies has gone on; and of that movement Count Okuma is a true, though not the most radical, representative.

The Prime Minister is one of the most interesting talkers in Japan. His Ministry is being criticised in that country because its members talk too much. This is a new kind of defect in an Oriental government; and, if it is a defect, it is in the direction of taking the people into the confidence of the rulers of the nation. In a recent address to a conference of local governors Count Okuma outlined very frankly some of the things which his Ministry hopes to achieve. He commented on the fact that various evil practices affecting administration, education, and business that have an important bearing on national prosperity have come to light of late years, and declared that the Government is determined to eradicate all these evils. It proposes to revise official regulations so as to give a chance to the right men to be put in the right places, to respect the rights of the people as to freedom of speech, meetings, and forming political associations which are assured by the Constitution; to encourage agricultural and industrial works throughout the country; to impose stricter regulations on methods of election. As the founder of Waseda University and a leader in the movement for freedom of thought and method in education, the Premier would naturally be expected to deal with defects in the educational system. He declared that the Government is determined to make a thorough study of that system and to introduce such improvements as are necessary. It proposes also, so far as possible, to strengthen the basis of the finances and economics of the country, to adjust taxation in the endeavor to lighten its burdens, to effect economies in expenditure, and to avoid raising money by loans, either at home or abroad.

In the meantime the Premier has given a very definite indication of his determination to deal strongly with existing conditions by placing on the retired list three of the most influential admirals of the navy: one, the late Premier; another, a former chief of the navy; and the third, an ex-Vice-Minister—all trained in the naval profession. This action is not

to be interpreted as indicating that these admirals are implicated in the scandals which have affected a group of naval officers; it is rather a very definite notice that officials under whom corruption is revealed will be held to sharp responsibility for not making the corruption impossible.

In spite of the humiliation to which such corruption as has been unearthed would subject any nation, one of the most significant and promising signs of the times in Japan is the indignation and the humiliation of the people in the presence of official scandals which, it must be frankly stated, are in no sense peculiar to Japan. These scandals do not justify any disturbance of confidence in the integrity of the nation; on the other hand, they have shown how sensitive the nation has become and to what a sharp responsibility it is holding its rulers.

The transfer of General Akashi to service on the General Staff will give immense satisfaction to those friends of Japan who were disturbed by the conduct of the so-called Korean conspiracy cases. General Akashi, who was the Police Superintendent and Commander of the gendarmerie or military police in Korea, had been identified, in foreign opinion and in the opinion of a great many of his own countrymen, with arbitrary and tyrannical methods. His transfer greatly clears the situation in Korea.

## THE MOVING PICTURE OF TO-MORROW

All art is dependent upon technical development as well as upon the imaginative genius of individual creators. Drama, for instance, began when Æschylus added a second actor and subordinated the chorus to the dialogue. Elizabethan England some two thousand years later, out of the fullness of its imagination and the wealth of its new world-circling experience, made of this vital Greek art a broad highway not only for all the emotions but all the actions of mankind. What we have done since with our scenery and apparatus of suggestion has been but to paint sign-posts along this road—sign-posts that have both directed and limited the scope of our vision. What we have accomplished in this attempt to delimit the field of drama by artificial and mechanical means has, indeed, been extraordinary. A full-rigged ship floating in ample waters is not beyond

the ability of the modern theatrical producer, yet this very triumph of stagecraft is in itself a confession of defeat. The more elaborate and costly the paraphernalia of production, the smaller the field that can be successfully covered, the less the imaginative co-operation demanded of the audience. Whether the gain in unity has compensated for loss of liberty or not, it has now become frankly impossible for us to present Elizabethan drama, scene for scene, upon a modern stage. The difference between a placard hung upon a nail and the practicable castle of Elsinore is too great for us to overcome.

Into this breach in the defenses of dramatic tradition is stepping a new form of art—an art still, for all we know, as technically undeveloped as was the Greek drama before the time of Æschylus. This new art holds out to us the promise of escaping, not only from the constricting unities of time and place, but also from the immediate hamper of mechanical contrivances. It borrows the world itself for its stage, the high Alps for its proscenium arch, and the deserts of the earth for the boards upon which it plays. In the flicker of an eyelash it brings together the eternal ice and the sun-scorched tropics. With its magic of light and shade it can bring forth at command the legions of Titus storming the walls of Jerusalem or the mordant jaws of a modern dredge gnawing a pathway across the backbone of a continent. For it a thousand years are as a day. The fall of an empire and the fading of a rose, the tides of Fundy and the spring-drawn sap in a growing vine—these are one and all within its field. With the pageantry of life itself for stage property and all history for prophesy the final limitations of the moving-picture machine?

Just as the Grecian dramatists Æschylus and Sophocles immeasurably widened the scope of the Grecian stage by adding first a second and then a third actor, so the modern picture-producer is widening the scope of his art by adding, not only reel to reel, but pageantry to pantomime. The actors employed in this infant of the arts are developing a technique adapted to their calling—a technique of which but few of the older actors of the legitimate stage have more than the slightest appreciation. It is a commonplace of moving-picture history that even the divine Sarah failed to grasp the purpose or the limitations of this new form of expression.

With the astonishing development of the

function and field of the moving-picture machine has come, or rather is coming, a loss of interest in the comparatively feeble efforts characteristic of the early producers. So rapid has been the development that when one speaks of the early producers (as one would speak of Italian art before Giotto) one refers only to the afternoon of the day before yesterday. In the moving-picture world an hour ago is almost ancient history. What to-morrow holds is only a matter for prophecy.

Yet even now there are more than hints of how this prophecy will be fulfilled. During the past winter there have been seen in New York at least two films which in both their mechanical and artistic excellence go far towards making the promise of to-morrow the reality of to-day. One of these, a dramatization of Victor Hugo's "Les Misérables," represents as great an advance over the split-reel dramas of yesterday as does the technique of Anna Karénina over the letter-born novels of Richardson. The other, d'Annunzio's "Cabiria," pictures the luxuriant and

cruelly self-sufficient civilization of Carthage and ancient Rome. Hannibal crossing the Alps, Archimedes burning the fleets of Rome at Syracuse, a leopard silently padding his way through milady's chamber, the siege of lofty battlements, and the atrocities of pagan worship—these are but some of the incidents included in this picture drama of more than two hours' duration.

History under the skillful touch and dramatic genius of moving-picture artists may for all of us thus become a present fact. The school-boy of to-morrow may read his Cæsar with eyes fixed upon the soldiers of Vercingetorix, may watch the camp-fires along the Roman wall, may see Michael Angelo building the defenses of Florence, may march with bloody Alva through the stricken Netherlands, follow the fortunes of Hudson to the north, suffer hardship with Marion the Swamp Fox, or camp with Grant at Appomattox. History, a thing alive, will come to him out of the brains of scholars, a ray of prisoned light and a flickering procession of ghostly shadows thrown upon a whitened screen.

## MEDIATION WITHOUT INFORMATION

BY GREGORY MASON

STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK

"**M**EDIATION without representation" is what the Mexican Constitutionalists call the conference in which representatives of the Huerta Government, of the United States, and of three "A B C" nations have been engaged for four weeks at Niagara Falls. "Mediation without information" is the title that suggests itself to one who comes to Niagara Falls fresh from Mexico.

In the first place, Ambassador da Gama, of Brazil, Minister Naon, of Argentina, and Minister Suarez, of Chile, know the old Mexico, the Mexico of the *científicos*, not the country of revolution and radicalism. Justice Joseph Rucker Lamar and Mr. Frederick William Lehmann, the two American representatives, are brilliant jurists, sound thinkers, and have the saving grace of common sense, but the American team would have been strengthened by the addition of some consul or other agent of the State Department with recent experience in Mexico. In the second place, the whole atmosphere of the conference has been one

of mystery, speculation, and uncertainty. The news that has been coming from Niagara Falls, for instance, has been ninety per cent mere rumor. The details of provisional governments that have been sent out by correspondents have been conceived in their own imaginations. There has been no definite information given out since the conferences began. As a rule, Justice Lamar has done the talking with the newspaper men after each meeting of the American delegates with the Mexicans and South Americans. He has spoken a sort of code, which left plenty of room for guessing.

"We have been discussing the first plank," he said one day as he came down the broad carpeted stairway in the Clifton Hotel, where the conferences have been held. "There are no splinters in the plank, either."

The next day no two of the five big New York dailies that have kept men at the Falls carried similar stories. Each reporter had interpreted the cryptic remark of the venerable Justice in his own way. That afternoon

one of them complained of this disparity in their reports.

"Can't you give us a little more definite information, Mr. Justice?" he asked. "All our stories were different this morning."

"Fine, that's fine!" answered Justice Lamar. "That is just what we want."

That, in the face of great disadvantages, the reporters have been fairly accurate in their guesses as to what has been going on in the big solarium of the hotel where the conferences have been held was indicated by another remark of the genial Supreme Court Justice to a newspaper man.

"Why, you fellows have been putting this thing together just like a picture puzzle," he said. "How do you do it?"

On the other hand, one of the three Mediators, who would talk only after extracting repeated promises that he would not be quoted, was not so flattering to the sagacity of the reporters.

"All their stories are mere guesses," he said to me, as we watched the swirling green and white of the American Falls from the hotel piazza. "Of course, once in a while they are bound to guess right. But more often the false alarms they start hamper us a great deal."

I was assured that a desire to safeguard the interests of Huerta was responsible for this atmosphere of mystery, so suggestive of the high school secret society. But is it not wholly in keeping with the policy of an Administration that has from the first spoken in parables and evinced a determination to keep the public out of its confidence?

At any rate, when the reporters assigned to cover the conferences are at a loss to know what is going on, can it be wondered that Carranza and Villa sometimes misunderstand the purport of mediation? In Mexico I found a deep-seated conviction among the Constitutionalists that one purpose of mediation was to "settle" the land problem, even to the extent of determining how many acres each man was to have. At Niagara Falls I was assured that this was not so, that the United States had no intention of taking up any of the internal questions of Mexico, and was merely trying to suggest that certain ones be given the attention of the proper authorities. Apparently, then, the Administration is not familiar with what the Constitutionalists have already done and are continually doing in the way of reconstruction, including restoring to the people the com-

munal lands that were taken from them by the tricks of the *científicos* and the priests. At any rate, I found the American delegates more interested in inquiring into the personal morals of Constitutionalist leaders, determining how many of them were polygamists and inebriates, than in learning what evidences of the capability to govern Mexico the Constitutionalists have shown. Not that Mr. Justice Lamar and Mr. Frederick Lehmann, our delegates to the mediation conferences, and both of them gentlemen of wide experience in life and politics, care much whether Carranza is a celibate or a Mormon; but as representatives of an Administration that has not always distinguished personal prejudice from National conscience they must look closely into such matters. Still, it does seem as if there was a lack of co-operation in the State Department. Surely, before sending his delegates to Niagara Falls Mr. Bryan might have put at their disposal the vast fund of information that could have been given them by Mr. Bryan's personal representative, George C. Carrothers, who has been with the victorious but immoral Villa for months.

Perhaps it is not generally recognized how far the diplomatic weather-vane has veered since April 25, when the mediation wind sprang up. In the first alignment Argentina, Brazil, and Chile were the mediators, with Mexico and the United States the disputants. But the situation changed when the three A B C diplomats named an impossible condition precedent to Constitutionalist participation in the conferences—namely, the granting of an armistice which would have been all to the advantage of Huerta and all to the disadvantage of Carranza and Villa. To-day the United States is the mediator between the Constitutionalists and the Huertistas, with the A B C nations in the position of interested spectators. Of mediation Huerta asks an opportunity to "save his face" and retain a few privileges for his supporters, the Constitutionalists demand freedom to finish the fight they have carried nearly to a conclusion and the right to enjoy the fruits of victory, while the Administration vaguely hopes to get at Niagara Falls a lovely solution to the whole Mexican riddle.

The Constitutionalists are the real dictators to-day. Encouraged by the fact that the United States has seen the folly of insisting upon an armistice, a condition that is demanded by neither the usages of international

law nor the rules of The Hague, they are insisting upon the right to finish their own fight. If President Wilson is willing to haggle with the despot whose government he refused to recognize very largely because of this same revolution of theirs, they are not. If he is willing to be satisfied with the elimination of Huerta, the figurehead, Carranza and Villa realize that a class war is a finish fight and that there will be no peace in Mexico till the last vestige of *científico* influence has been destroyed.

I learned from the best possible authority at Niagara Falls that the snag in mediation has been all along the choice of a man to head a provisional government. Of course all this talk of a "neutral" government to be followed by a "fair" election goes over the head of your Mexican. To him there is no such thing as neutrality; every one is either for or against. The *científicos* want a *científico* president to safeguard their lives and property; the Constitutionals are convinced that only by the selection of an out-and-out sympathizer can they keep what they have paid for in blood and suffering. Each side fears the results of the election, which it knows will not be fair unless the United States and the A B C nations send in their armies to make it so.

Our Administration is facing facts. It will not do to expect a higher political intelligence of the 13,000,000 Indians in Mexico than is evidently expected of the 300,000 Indians in the United States, who are ahead of the former in education and industry. Neither will it do to stop the Mexican revolution before it has run its natural course. It was stopped for a time, but after the death of Madero it broke out with renewed vigor, and will not again be thwarted. Finally, to force upon the triumphant rebels conditions that they feel are unjust—in fact, degrading—would certainly not be the way to get lasting peace.

There are signs that the Administration is coming to realize this. Recently an "authority in Washington who is in close touch with President Wilson" was quoted as follows: "There is such a thing as stopping a war too soon. The way to stop a war is to give it a logical result."

I found it the unanimous conviction of the correspondents at the mediation proceedings and of other disinterested close-at-hand observers that the Administration now realizes the wisdom of letting the revolution run its course, and is using mediation to gain

time—in prize-ring parlance, is "stalling." In other words, while the Administration would like to gain peacefully through mediation what it realizes is probably coming anyway, namely, the complete triumph of the revolution, the Administration seems lately to have become satisfied with mediation as a means of gaining time while the Constitutionals finish Huerta. The A B C delegates feel this attitude and resent it keenly, despite their public assurances to the contrary. From conversations I had with all of them I gained the impression that they feel that the United States accepted their offer of "good offices" merely out of a false sense of politeness and has been determined from the first upon ultimate forceful absorption of Mexico.

It is generally understood that one of the strongest motives that actuated President Wilson in accepting mediation was a desire to promote good feeling between North and South America, but, if I have correctly diagnosed the feelings of the three A B C envoys, the unsuccessful termination of mediation through what the envoys consider the Administration's uncalled-for bias toward Constitutionalism will leave in the bosoms of these three diplomats the impression that this country has not acted in good faith.

Now, as a further snarl in a situation already complicated to the Queen's taste, come reports of a Carranza-Villa split. If this news is confirmed, or if such a split later develops, it apparently means the end of mediation, or of such mediation as involves the establishment of a provisional presidency. Apparently, too, compromises are impossible in Mexico. Last of all, apparently the only alternative to the invasion of Mexico by the United States is the cognizance of some belligerent who looks strong enough to fight his way into the capital and keep order with the unqualified assistance of the United States, which would be the virtual ruler, governing, perhaps, in much the same way as England has governed in some of her dependencies, by making the most of the material at hand and bolstering it up to the required strength. Some rough fellow of uncivilized manners, some Villa perhaps, with all his spots, must be unwillingly accepted by this Administration, instead of the immaculate provisional ruler that mediation hoped to find. Otherwise, Funston's and Pershing's men will have to go ahead. That is the consideration that makes calamity of the present policy of hopeful inaction.



RENÉ VIVIANI

The new Prime Minister of France. See editorial discussion of French affairs on page 441

# REMINISCENCES<sup>1</sup>

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## CHAPTER VI

### A TURNING-POINT IN MY LIFE

I NOW approach two events which exerted a greater influence on both my character and my career than any other events in my life—my marriage and the change in my profession.

My letters to my cousin, written between my engagement in 1854 and my marriage in 1857, give a more frank and a less self-conscious account of myself, my habits, and my character than would have been contained in any journal—if I had kept one, which I did not do. I wished my cousin to have no false ideals of me; and I endeavored to describe myself as I was, that when she took me for better and for worse, she might not be too much surprised at the worse. With these letters before me, I attempt to give to my readers something of the self-painted portrait which I gave to her. The quotations are from these letters.<sup>2</sup> The first one, looking back to my boyhood, confirms the dim reminiscence which I have given to the reader in the first chapter of this volume.

Brooklyn, New York, 20th December, 1855.

I am twenty years of age. To say that I do not realize it, would not begin to express my want of conception of who I now am and who I used to be. Even now as I walk the room I cannot conceive who I am that am twenty years old. I think of some one, whom I know pretty well, a young fellow with whom I am pretty intimately acquainted named Lyman Abbott, who, I understand, is about that age. But to imagine that I am he or that I am I, I cannot conceive. I remember a school-boy, pale, meek, mild, never doing anything very wrong, nor anything very right, nor anything indeed at all, punished by the teachers for other boys' escapades, and by the scholars for not going into the scrapes, a little too big to associate with the little boys and rather too little to associate with the big boys. I remember such a boy as this whose name was Lyman Abbott, not as anybody I ever knew particularly, but as I remember a hastily half-read novel. Nor does my life so far seem, as I thought it would, a diorama,

connected together—one whole. There are disjointed pictures here and there. A disconsolate picture of a boy at school. A picture of a pale, quiet, tolerably inoffensive youth at college. A picture of a tolerably impudent (not yet intolerably so) and go-ahead young man of considerable self-assurance, and, I am afraid, not a great deal to support it, and this is a bright picture, of the present; bright—not because it is pleasant but comparatively distinct.

My daguerrotype, taken at about twenty years of age, shows a slim youth, with black hair and mustache and the beginnings of a beard and whiskers; for I have never shaved—an abstinence which has saved me a good deal of time and not a little vexation of spirit. My eyes were blue, but were so dark that they were taken by one of my cousin's friends to be "piercing black eyes." I was ambitious, and glad of it, for I regarded ambition as a virtue, not a vice. "A person of no ambition will stay where he is; a person ambitious to go back will be very likely to degenerate. While a person ambitious for the future must progress somewhat." This ambition my engagement had increased. "For your sake," I wrote, "I want to know something, to do something, to achieve something. I am proud of you. I am very ambitious that you should have some reason to be proud of me." But this ambition, if I read myself aright, was not for honor but for achievement. As I put it at the time, "I wanted to *do*, perform, produce some great effects, and whether any one else knew I did it or not, that is quite another matter." To what others might think of me I was, however, by no means indifferent. On the contrary, my own words were: "I wish I had one of those invisible caps. See 'Arabian Nights.' I would like to hear what people say about me, when they talk upon that subject at all." But it was honest and intelligent criticism I cared for, or thought I cared for. When "Cone Cut Corners," our novel, was published, I wrote, and underlined the sentence: "*I care more to know what people than what papers say about it.*"

I was a hard worker; but fitful and irregu-

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1914, the Outlook Company.

<sup>2</sup> I make no attempt to correct the infelicities of expression or even the inaccuracies of grammar in these letters, but print them as they were written, often in haste, and generally without revision.

lar, sometimes working till two or three in the morning, sometimes going to bed early and working one or two hours before breakfast. Not till the latter part of this epoch did I definitely form the habit, which, with rare exceptions, I have kept up ever since, of stopping my work at supper. I have found the early morning hours the best for composition; and for many years have rarely done any work in the evening, except in public addresses and social engagements. I took no systematic exercise, except the walk to and from the office, a matter of probably two miles a day. I do not think there were gymnasiums in those days; if there were, I never belonged to one. But my professional duties kept me much of the time in action—in making calls, hunting for witnesses, or going from court to court; I had comparatively little desk work.

My recreations I took rather seriously. I neither danced nor played cards, and after I joined the church very rarely went to the theater. I distinguished, however, between the theater and the opera as follows: "The interest of the one [the theater] is in its dramatic entertainment, and generally at that in an entertainment the interest of which hinges generally on love—and oftentimes badly grown, and misdirected love at that. The interest of the other [the opera] is in its music, and its dramatic character is only an assistant and an incident to the music—what gesture and intonation are to a speech or dress to a beautiful lady. Except that in fact a beautiful lady in nine cases out of ten spoils her beauty by her dress." The opera also seemed to me superior to a concert. "There is the same interest in an opera," so I expressed my opinion, "over and above a concert that there is in reading one of Dickens's works over and above reading half a dozen selections from various authors without understanding the plot or the connection of any of them." I was, as I still am, very fond of music, and went to all sorts of concerts, from "Buckley's Serenaders" to the Italian opera, the Philharmonic concerts, or the Oratorio Society. Croquet, lawn tennis, and golf were known to me not at all. I never learned to play pool or billiards. I occasionally bowled, and now and then played a game of checkers, backgammon, or chess with a friend. But I did not then, and have not since, found much pleasure in any sort of games; a defect in my character which I have mildly regretted, but never sufficiently to set myself the task of correcting it.

Occasionally, however, I went off on outdoor excursions with companions—sometimes a fishing expedition in the country, sometimes simply a tramp. One of these excursions has an interest for me on account of its relation to my subsequent history. The afternoon before the Fourth of July my brothers Austin and Edward, my cousin Waldo, and I got on a steamboat running up the Hudson River, without any idea where we would get off or what we would do when we got there. About dusk, at the first landing north of West Point, we left the steamboat, walked back into the country three or four miles, found a boarding-house, where, after allaying suspicion by an offer to pay for our entertainment in advance, we were cared for during the night. The next day, after a tramp of some six miles back into the country, we returned to the river, where, as I wrote my cousin, "I saw just the place you and I are going to have for a country seat by and by." And I continued:

"Up the Hudson, about three miles above West Point, under a huge rocky peak, half a mile below the nearest village by water and about five miles by road over the mountains, on the very shore of the river, well shaded with trees and surrounded by some fifteen acres of good land, there stands an antiquated old farm-house, our country seat *in futuro*. A magnificent great forest stretches back over the hills and comes down close on the water's edge except where it has been cleared away by the ax to make room for the house. A few rods farther on down the river is another house. Then another magnificent rocky mountain cuts off all approach by land. Between these two great guards stand these two houses, quite alone. Across the river is a busy town. Three miles down is West Point, crowded with fashion all summer long. The steamboats go up and down all day long. In sight is one of the best built and fastest railways in the country, and here, in the very midst of the highest civilization and in sight of it, we are five miles from any human habitation by any accessible road. What do you think of my country seat, cousin? I wish you could see it."

The peak was Storm King, the village was Cornwall; and I am writing this autobiography in that village, in which, thirteen or fourteen years later, my wife and I made our permanent home.

When I lived with my brothers and my cousin Waldo lived with us, as at one time



FROM A DAGUERRETYPE

LYMAN ABBOTT, ABOUT 1855

"My daguerreotype, taken at about twenty years of age, shows a slim youth, with black hair and mustache"

was the case, our evenings at home were not infrequently taken for an intellectual tournament at which all sorts of topics, practical and theoretical, were used on which to sharpen our wits. In these tournaments the wives took equal part with their husbands. One illustration will suffice :

We have just come up from a long discussion as to whether the mind is a collection of faculties or powers or whether it is an individual, indivisible power working in different directions and on different objects. . . . I do not think the question thus stated in the abstract is very clear, but it has furnished a subject for a pretty animated discussion for an hour and a half downstairs. And the beauty of it is that it is all a matter of theory and not a matter of fact, so that the largest room is left for the freest discussion. I enjoy such sort of discussion very much. And among ourselves we manage to get into a very warm discussion without getting at all heated, *i. e.*, with each other, a piece of good fortune not by any means common to all disputants, I am afraid.

These family discussions did not satiate our appetite for debate, and we all belonged to a literary and social society called the Linden, which met at the houses of the members, I believe, once a fortnight. Here, generally, more practical topics were debated. The literary exercises were followed by a dance, before which I generally went home. The Linden was not only enjoyable, it was useful in keeping up the practice of extemporaneous speaking. Occasionally the debate was omitted and some other literary exercise took its place.

"We had a queer meeting at the Linden last Monday night," I wrote in the course of one of my letters to my cousin. "It was very stormy, and there were very few there—so few that we could not have the regular debate. We therefore agreed that the President should call upon us all in turn, give us a subject, and we must speak five minutes upon it. So he called Austin Abbott, cities—and Austin Abbott must speak five minutes on cities; and then Lyman Abbott, law—and Lyman Abbott must speak five minutes on law; and so round the circle. The speaking was decidedly extemporaneous, and, though it was not very pleasant to get up to speak yourself and not know what you were to talk about until you had begun to speak, it was rather pleasant to see other persons in the same predicament."

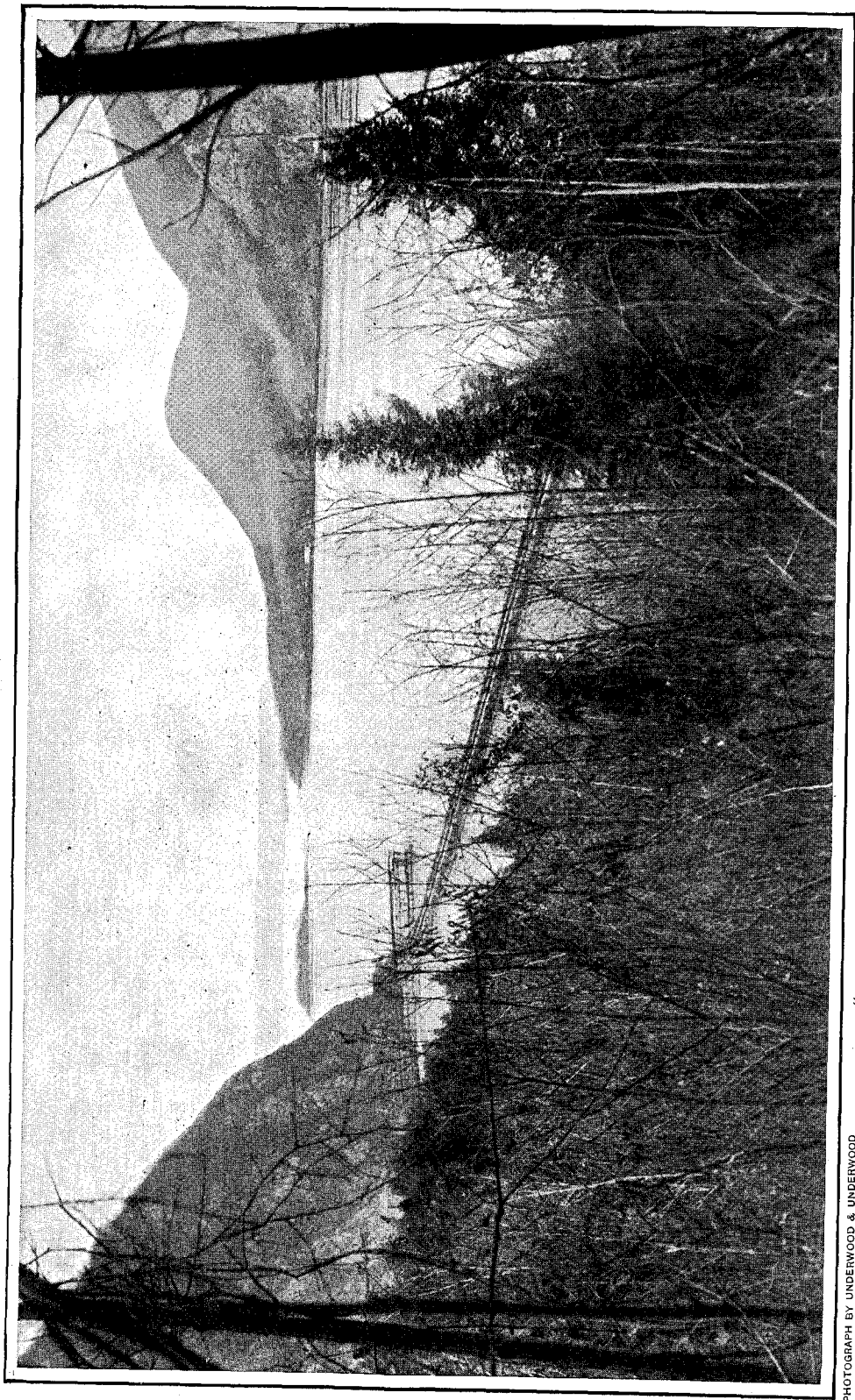
I had no inclination to be a monk. When I was not at work on some law case in

the evening, I was likely to be out, perhaps at a concert or a religious or political meeting, perhaps in a social call. At one time I went up once a week or once a fortnight to call at the Spingler Institute in Union Square—my letters say on my Aunt Rebecca, but I suspect the young ladies were an added attraction. I have never smoked, and, though I at times took ale or porter under doctor's counsel, in general practice I was an abstainer from both fermented and distilled liquors. I was an earnest advocate of prohibition. When "Cone Cut Corners" was published, I sent a copy to my cousin, accompanying it with these two sentences: "If you like it as a good novel, it is a failure. If you like it as an effective Maine law preacher, it is a success."

At that time I recognized the fact that I was not a great student nor a great reader, for I then confessed: "I wish I loved to read more than I do. When there is anything to do, I would rather be at work than at study." For poetry I had no inclination unless I read it with some one else. But such reading as I did was generally accompanied with some reflection upon it; and I wrote critiques to my cousin on what I had read and on all sorts of books, from Macaulay's History to Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew." My impression of Sue's tale is recorded in one of my letters to my cousin, as follows:

I have been reading the "Wandering Jew," a work which, I presume, you know "by reputation." Upon the whole, though there are many faults and some vices in the book, I think it is the most effectual moral teacher of any novel I have ever read, except "Uncle Tom." . . . One reason, I believe, why it has attained so unenviable a reputation is (1) because the Jesuits, the chief, at least most influential, church establishment of France, denounced it as irreligious; and (2) because the upper circles of Paris society denounced it as Socialistic. This reputation, fastened on it there, has followed it. In reality, it is a novel written with a strong and consistent purpose, that purpose being, first, *anti-Jesuitical*; second, *pro* some change in society which should give labor, and especially female labor, better wages and a better position.

It is still true that whatever I read, unless it be an old and familiar piece of literature or the very lightest love story or detective story, awakens my desire to express to myself, if not to others, my own thoughts upon the subject. Perhaps this is the reason why reading fails as a recreation. To me it is



PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

"UP THE HUDSON, ABOUT THREE MILES ABOVE WEST POINT"

The mountain to the left is Storm King. Polipe's Island, seen in the distance, is about opposite the village of Cornwall, which is hidden behind Storm King Mountain. This is the site of which Lyman Abbott wrote: "What do you think of my country seat, cousin? I wish you could see it,"

almost always a stimulant, not a sedative. I found my recreation in a change of employment; did a good deal of writing, and found more pleasure in writing fiction than in reading it. And yet composition was by no means an easy task, as the following quotations from my letters indicate:

I have to write a thing over half a dozen times before I can get it into any sort of shape.

In writing I almost invariably walk up and down the room forming my sentences, then sit down and write them from recollection. I never compose as I write.

I always imagine an audience before me and speak, generally aloud, what I am to write before I write it. As I walk the street I am almost always thus speaking to myself. Not infrequently I find myself speaking so loud and accompanying my thoughts with gestures such as to attract considerable attention on the part of the passers-by.

I may add, in passing, that, while I have long since broken myself of the habit of so speaking and gesturing as to attract the attention of the passer-by, I have throughout my life composed my sermons, addresses, and editorials on the street, in the trolley, in the train, and used my pen to transcribe on paper the thoughts which had already been shaped ready for utterance in my brain. I rarely sit down at my desk to write until the theme is so far formulated in mind that I could deliver it as an extemporaneous address without further preparation. This has its disadvantages. It has made me unobserving, and only the charity of my friends has prevented them from taking offense at my passing them without recognition. But it has enabled me to utilize what otherwise might be unused time, and is probably the secret of the reputation which my editorial associates give to me, of being an unusually rapid writer.

My room-mate, who ought to have known me well, told me that I was "cold-blooded," and said that I "must have 'popped the question' just as I would enter up a judgment;" and one of my cousin's friends told her that I was haughty and that she was afraid of me. I denied both impeachments, but frankly recognized some ground for them. I confessed to "my want of true humility, a virtue which Christ, I think, puts second to that of love, and, indeed, is so closely connected with it as to be scarcely separable." This defect, I wrote at the time, "is owing partly, I suppose, to my hatred of the affectation of humility, which I do thoroughly

despise. And from carefully avoiding the affectation I have lost the reality." "Perhaps I am too reserved. It runs in the family. I never was fully acquainted with my father." But this reserve I defended: "I have a repugnance to be known and understood by everybody. I do not like to have my feelings or my thoughts every one's property." "I have feelings, but my pen cannot and will not write feelings; nay, my heart has no mind that can coin them into words." I thought it better to coin them into deeds. My cousin's pastor had come into a great sorrow. I wrote: "You may tell him of my sympathy if *you* think best. Yet let me say that I do not. I think that the less of sympathy that is *spoken* on such occasions the better. All that sympathy that shows itself by action is another matter. Every step that is taken, everything that is *done* that lessens his labors and so his trouble, this is an encouragement, a help, not a mere pity."

Looking back over this correspondence, I find in it evidence that I was then temperamentally, as I have been ever since, and am now, both a mystic and a rationalist—not alternately first one and then the other, but a mystical rationalist or a rationalistic mystic. I had, so far as I recall, never heard of an astral body, or a subliminal self, or of thought transference. But I thoroughly believed that the spirit had its independent existence and used the body as its instrument, and was often handicapped by the instrument which it used. I did not believe, and did not wish to believe, in the resurrection of the body. What I wanted to believe about the resurrection I put into these words:

Am I forever to be confined to the expression of such ideas as I can convey to you by a vibration in the air produced by a peculiar motion of the lips, which vibration, striking on the tympanum of your ear, shall bring about in your mind an idea somewhat similar probably, but almost certain to be somewhat different, it may be, it is very likely to be, materially so? This does not satisfy me. I am not content to receive through a distorted atmosphere poor reflections of a small part of the actions of your mind. I want to look through and read the mind itself. So too I want you to read me. In this world we do indeed see through a glass darkly. In heaven we shall see face to face. Not God only, but also, I believe, each other.

If the resurrection of the body does take place, I hope it will be a very different kind of body from that which we have here. . . . Our

hearts go back and forth often and quick enough. Oh, for that time and place when neither time nor space shall separate us from each other and from our God!

But I had no use for Spiritualism so called, as I made clear to my cousin in these words:

I care very little about the Spiritualists. If I thought the doctrines were true, I should have no faith in them—that is, I should not care anything about them. The doctrine is, I believe, at its best, nothing more than that a mode of communication between spirits and this world has been discovered. Admitted. What then? If a mode of communication with God were opened thus, it would be another matter. But what is the advantage of conversing with departed spirits? Supposing they can number the heavens? What then? Supposing they can give us accurate and reliable information as to their pursuits? What of that? Can they convince us of sin better than Moses and the prophets? Nay! though one rose from the dead we would not be persuaded. Can they point us to any better mode of salvation than the New Testament provides? I think not. Can they give us any better directions as to practical duties than we find in the Epistles? Scarcely. Do they throw any additional light on any of our duties here that we cannot gather from God's revelation? No! The most that their best revelations ever do is to inform us what Isaac Newton is doing. For my part, I don't care to know. So that if I thought their revelations were true, I should not care for them. Admitting their verity, the curiosity which they satisfy is an idle, not to say a wicked, one. If any one finds a pleasure in communion with departed friends, such communion as spiritualistic communication gives, they are welcome to it, of course. For my part, I do not want to have anything to say to any of my friends, if they cannot communicate to me more intelligibly than by rapping on the walls of my room, tipping over my tables, and firing books at my head.

At the same time I had gone through, or at least gone near, "every form and shape of skepticism. I have been near Episcopalianism," I wrote to my cousin, "and near Unitarianism. Religious education, and religious example still more, is the only thing that has saved me from a dangerous proximity to very much the same state of deism as Theodore Parker's; and nothing but hatred of the idea of a world without a governing God has kept me from atheism. If I were to become an atheist to-day, I believe I would commit suicide to-morrow." I could not accept the Bible as a final and ultimate authority, and stated my view in

these words: "The Bible is not a book, it is a library, written by various persons and at various stages of the world, a part of them so far back in antiquity that their authorship is a question not free from difficulty. . . . What is the reason of our consent to this absolute authority which the Bible claims over us? I think there are comparatively few in the Church who could answer that question or would if they could." I had not yet found an answer to this question, or at least any fuller answer than my cousin gave to my very frank confession of my perplexities: I wrote her, "I think you are right that our experience of the truths of the Bible is the best evidence of its source." But two sentences written at this time (February, 1856) indicate the conclusion as to the foundations of faith to which my mystical temperament was leading me, and which I now think both reason and faith unite to confirm. I repudiated the notion that the Bible is the word of God: "If the New York Observer had read his Bible carefully he would have discovered that it is not the Bible but the spirit of God that is said to be quick and powerful and sharper than a two-edged sword, etc. . . . Word is used in the same sense in which it is used in the first chapter of John." One thing was for me absolutely settled; I would not rest my religious faith on habit; I would not rest content with nothing more than an inherited faith in the Bible, and this is what I thought I should do, "if I give nothing more than a reasonless assent to it through timidity or laziness without understanding the reasons there are for its acceptance."

As I have read over the letters from which these extracts have been taken I have been somewhat surprised at their extreme frankness of self-disclosure and at their curiously combined crudity and maturity of thought expression. With many of my ideas my cousin did not agree, as with some of them I do not now myself agree; but these differences did nothing to separate us, and we were married on the 14th day of October, 1857, at her home in Waverly, Massachusetts. Her mother had died on June 1 of that year. The house was heavily encumbered and was to be sold. The marriage of the only daughter meant the breaking up of the home. Only a few very intimate friends were present, and a certain sadness characterized the occasion. The day had been cloudy, with a threatening of rain. But just as the benediction was pronounced the sun broke through the

clouds and shone upon the wedding party. I had written my cousin something like a year before that I had no inclination for a wedding journey. I would rather spend the time in getting our new home prepared for our occupancy. Since the death of my mother in 1843 I had had no real home, though my aunts had done all that could be done as substitute-mothers. I was eager for a home of my very own. My bride agreed with me. Our wedding journey was simply the trip from Boston to New York. We were married on Wednesday. I had imperative court engagements on Monday. Our honeymoon vacation, therefore, was of the briefest.

After a month of very unsatisfactory experience in a New York boarding-house, my brother Vaughan and I found what served before the days of apartment-houses as a substitute for a modern apartment. An enterprising landlord had built in Fifty-fourth Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues under one roof a block of eight cottages two stories and an attic in height. They were built in the middle of the lot, leaving room in front for large houses to be erected later, and were placed back to back with no yard or air space between them. One set of these cottages faced on Fifty-fourth the other on Fifty-fifth Street. Hallways ran through the block from one front to the other and the front doors of each apartment opened from this hallway. My whole house was fifteen feet in width by twenty in length, not quite as large as my present library.

My brother Vaughan and I each took one of these cottages; the landlord cut out the dividing partition between the back parlors, throwing them into one room, which we used as a common library. My brother Edward lived with us, my cousin Waldo with my brother Vaughan. We had to walk down to Forty-eighth Street for the nearest horse-car to take us to our downtown office in Nassau Street.

Early in 1858—I am not able to fix the exact date—with money loaned to me by my father, I bought a commodious two-story-and-attic house in State Street, Brooklyn, not far from Flatbush Avenue, where, on the 25th day of June, 1859, my oldest son, Lawrence, was born.

Every circumstance conspired to make me the happiest of men. I had a prosperous and growing law business; for partners, brothers who were wholly congenial, and who had done everything which brothers could do to push forward my fortunes; for an anti-

pated future, a legal career with them which might be anything we had the ability to make it. My brothers' wives were cousins of mine and cousins of my wife, and dear to both of us, so that nothing was wanting to make perfect our family relationship. I was in a city where I had many friends, and the doors were opened for us to the most congenial society. My church relations were ideal. I listened every Sunday to Henry Ward Beecher, the most inspiring preacher in America, and was in exceptionally intimate relations with him and with the active members of an enthusiastic working church. I was devoted to my wife; she was devoted to me; no home could be happier. And my income was entirely adequate for present needs, and was steadily increasing.

And yet—I was restless. Not discontented, certainly not unhappy, but ill at ease. My childhood aspirations for the ministry had been rekindled, and I could not extinguish them. New significance and new motive power were given to them by the public questions of the day and by the revolution in my own spiritual experience.

I have already told how the slavery question affected me; how it seemed to me much more than the mere question whether the Negro should remain in slavery; that it really involved the question whether liberty should be strangled on the continent dedicated to liberty. I longed to have some active part in dealing with that question. My half-formed desire to go to Kansas had been quickly laid aside; but not the desire to be in the battle for liberty. Before my marriage I had counseled with my wife that was to be about going to Boston to take up the practice of the law there. I fancied that in ten years I could win a position and an income which would justify me in giving time and thought to the anti-slavery cause. With my principles there was no hope of a political career for me in New York; there might be in Boston. Neither my cousin nor her father approved the scheme, and I abandoned it; only to revive it again after her mother's death. I could come to Boston; we could live in Waverly; save the house there, and make a home for her and for her father and brother. A little encouragement from her and I should have made the attempt. But neither she nor her father gave the encouragement, and after protracted discussion I abandoned it.

But my increasing professional business did

not prevent my increasing attention to ethical and spiritual problems outside the law. I early became a member of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association; attended with some regularity its weekly prayer-meeting; became a member of its directorate; then a member of a committee which held regular meetings throughout one winter to revise its constitution; took an active part in securing the reluctantly given consent to have the rooms of the Association opened on Sunday afternoons from three o'clock until the close of the prayer-meeting at six o'clock. It was proposed to admit Unitarians to active membership. My brother Vaughan approved the change; so did most of the members of Plymouth Church. I opposed it, but wished to substitute for the evangelical test the one adopted by the London Association, "which was the first one ever established, and allows any one who gives decided evidence of conversion to God to be admitted as a member." Both my brother Vaughan's proposition and mine failed. My brother Vaughan wished to admit women as associate members. The Young Women's Christian Association had not then been organized. His argument for their admission was characteristic. To the objection that this was a Young *Men's* Association he replied: True; but it was a Young *Men's Association*, and we ought to have young women to associate with. I approved the change; but all we got was a monthly meeting to which women were admitted as guests. Resolutions were offered forbidding all discussion of the slavery question in the meetings of the Association. I moved to amend by providing that all mention of slavery and the slave should be prohibited in the prayers. The amendment was carried by the joint vote of the progressives and the ultra-conservatives. The amended resolution proved to be too drastic for the moderate conservatives, and by their vote and the progressive vote combined it was lost. I wrote my cousin that if my amendment had been lost and the gag law adopted—that is, if the Association had voted to prohibit discussing slavery but not to prohibit praying for the slave—I intended to give notice then and there of a meeting to pray for the slave, the slave-holder, and the defenders and apologists of slavery in the North, and I thought that probably the result would be some anti-slavery agitation in spite of the gag law.

The Young Men's Christian Association was the chief field of my religious and re-

form activity; but not the only field. I took an active part in debating in the Linden Society the imprisonment of Passmore Williamson,<sup>1</sup> in a meeting which so crowded the house where it was held that not only the parlors and the halls, but the stairs from top to bottom, were filled with listeners. I wrote for the Maine "Evangelist" articles on theological and ethical topics, specifically on the duty of the Church and the pulpit to deal with the slavery question. I wrote, before our marriage, long disquisitions to my cousin on such topics as inspiration, revelation, resurrection, and Sabbath observance. We formed a plan for reading the Bible together in a course agreed upon beforehand, which we carried out; and I formed a plan for a systematic study of the Bible, which I did not carry out. But in this plan was a prophecy of future studies. A Dr. George Townsend, of England, had published an edition of the Bible in which the writings were arranged according to a supposed chronological order. Subsequent scholarship has not confirmed the order which he adopted; but his was one of the first of the many attempts to treat the Bible as a collection of literature, and I took up his work as a basis for the study of the Bible so regarded. The Hebrew code exempted the young man from public service for the year after his marriage. I wanted no such exemption in my volunteer service; did not after my marriage lessen my interest in work on religious and ethical lines; took a Bible class in the Plymouth Church Sunday-school, for which I prepared, if not as fully, at least as conscientiously as I prepared for my cases in court; and attended with considerable regularity the Plymouth Church prayer-meetings, which I could go to with my wife, in lieu of the Young Men's Christian Association prayer-meetings, to which I should have had to go alone.

This growing interest and activity in the ethical and spiritual field were both intensified and practically directed toward the ultimate result, the change in my profession, by two influences: the ministry of Henry Ward Beecher and the revival of 1857-8.

In 1853 Mr. Beecher was the most hotly debated preacher in the American pulpit. It was characteristic of my brother Vaughan to resolve to form no judgment on this much-

<sup>1</sup>Imprisoned on the charge of co-operating in or encouraging resistance to the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

discussed man until he had heard him six times. The experiment was decisive. My brother speedily became a member of Plymouth Church and an ardent supporter of Mr. Beecher both in moral reform and in theological doctrine. When I went to Brooklyn to live with my brother, I naturally went occasionally with him to his church; but at first only occasionally, because I was generally engaged in playing the organ elsewhere. At first Mr. Beecher's disregard of pulpit conventionalism jarred upon me and he was too radical for me both in politics and theology. But he was also much too radical for my cousin and her parents, who were members of Dr. Kirk's church in Boston, where the Unitarian controversy had made the evangelical faith both more definite and more dogmatic than it was elsewhere. In writing to my cousin I attempted loyally to defend Mr. Beecher against the misrepresentation to which he was constantly subjected. There is no better way to become hostile to a public man than to criticise him, and no better way to become friendly than to defend him from hostile criticism.

My letters were at first apologetic, then defensive, then eulogistic. In March, 1854, I wrote: "There is much about him I don't think I shall ever like. There is much I always have liked. So I must say nothing about the first, and only listen to the second and get along."

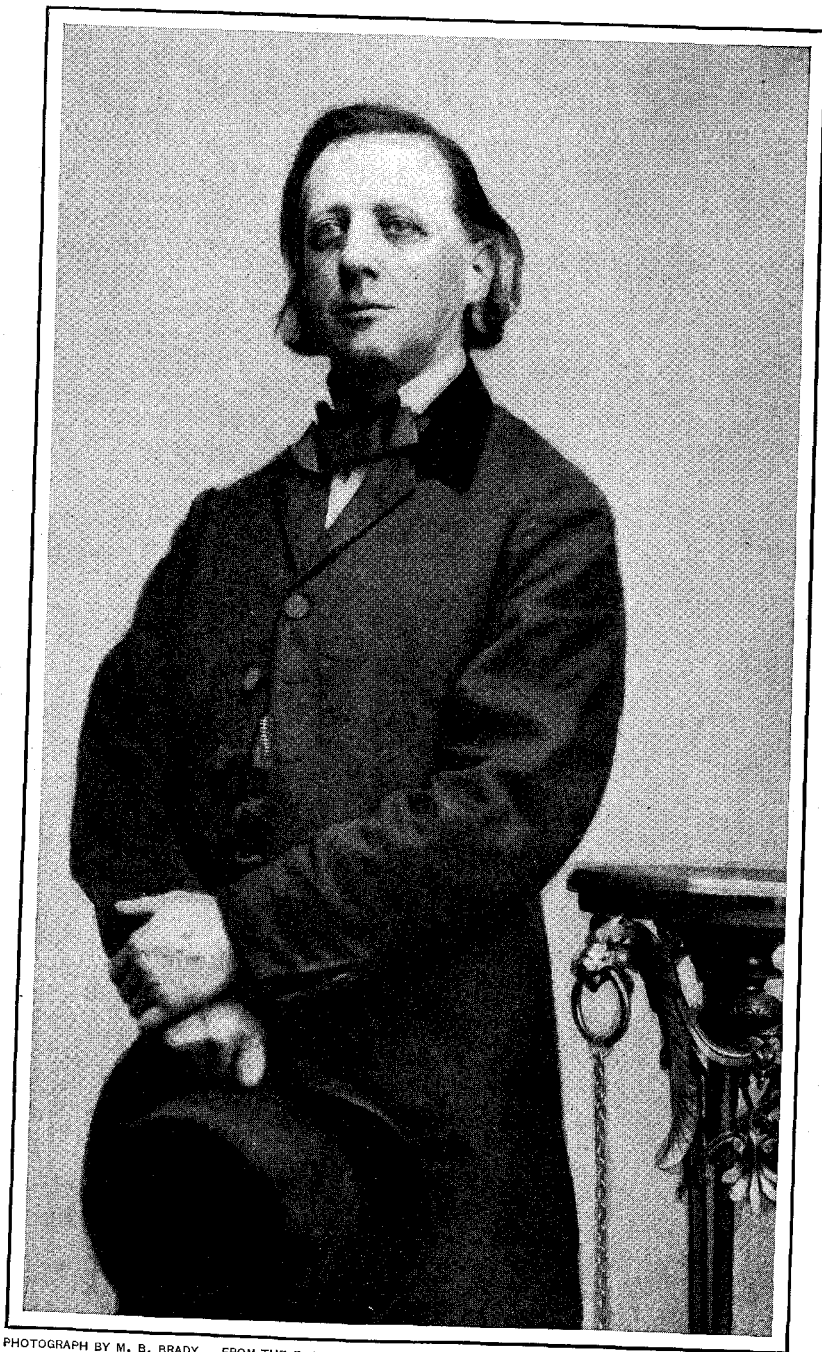
Eighteen months later (September, 1855) I wrote: "You ask me what I think of Mr. Beecher. I have kept my answer till to-day because I think so many things of him that I cannot answer the question in a little space. But now I conclude to leave the discussion of his character till I can talk to you about him. I will simply say that I think him a great man, though hardly domesticated, a good man, though a little rough. He is not a flower but a tree, not a garden but a forest, not a lake but a cataract. A flower is prettier, but a tree more solid; a garden we fancy, a forest we use; a lake is very placid and gentle, but waterfalls drive all our mills. I think, or rather I presume, Mr. Beecher is a better man than any other minister I know in Brooklyn, and does more good than all the rest of them put together. And yet much I do not like about him. I think I shall never be a 'Beecherite.'"

Eighteen months later again (March, 1857) I wrote: "I would have given a great deal to have had your father and mother and your-

self hear Mr. Beecher's sermon this morning. In particular what he said of the incarnation and divinity of Christ. I never knew any clergyman whose theology not only but whose preaching and whose whole religious character and teaching were so full of Christ. Christ is to Mr. Beecher literally 'all in all.' Trees, flowers, birds, nature, art, the Bible, everything (so far as I can judge by his preaching), is Christ, Christ, Christ; always manifested to him by all things. And all men and all life and all action he judges always by Christ. There is a beautiful monotony of Christ in his prayers, his hymns, his sermons, everything. And this is one of the chief beauties, perhaps the chiefest, in his preaching to me."

These extracts indicate the change in one hearer's estimate of Mr. Beecher in three years' time; they probably indicate the change wrought in the minds of many; though for some the change required a shorter, for some a longer time. I am not sure but they also indicate some change in the preaching of Mr. Beecher, which grew mellowed and more logical, and, in a sense, more spiritual, as he grew older. They do not, however, adequately interpret the radical revolution which he made in my method of thinking of religious truth, and, what is much more important, in my religious life. To state that revolution in a paragraph cannot be otherwise than unjust to the old views and inadequate for the new. Antitheses are never quite accurate. Nevertheless the statement must be made, for this change in my experience was a chief cause of the change in my profession.

When I came to Brooklyn in the spring of 1854, my Christian theology was something like this: I regarded God as the Moral Governor of the Universe, the Bible as a Book of Laws, Jesus Christ as the giver of a law more spiritual and more difficult to obey than the laws of Moses. Sin was disobedience to those laws, redemption was remission of deserved penalty. Under Mr. Beecher's ministry I came to regard God as Father, whose character and attitude toward me was interpreted by my own father; the law, whether the Ten Commandments or the Sermon on the Mount, as an interpretation to me of God's ideals for his children; Jesus Christ as the supreme manifestation of the Father; and redemption as a new and divine life of faith, hope, and love which he inspires in all who desire to receive it. And as this



PHOTOGRAPH BY M. B. BRADY. FROM THE F. H. MESERVE COLLECTION

#### HENRY WARD BEECHER IN THE FIFTIES

"The most inspiring preacher in America, . . . the most hotly debated preacher in the American pulpit."  
It is Mr. Beecher's preaching at that time that Dr. Abbott in this installment of his Reminiscences  
cites as one of the two causes that led to the change in his profession from the law to the ministry

new view possessed my mind and this new life inspired my motive powers, the passion to carry to others the message of love and life which had been given to me grew well-nigh irresistible.

This passion was intensified by the revival of 1858; by the meetings which were held during the winter of 1858-9 in Plymouth Church; and especially by one incident in that revival which moved me very deeply. This revival exerted so important an influence on the life of the Nation that James Ford Rhodes has thought it deserving a brief though graphic account in his "History of the United States." "It was," he says, "declared to be 'the most extensive and thorough ever experienced in America.' Certainly no similar movement since has even approached it in fervor."<sup>1</sup> It extended from Maine to Minnesota; its effects were felt alike in the great cities and in the backwoods; and its importance was recognized alike by friend and foe. To Christians it was "the great awakening;" to the Boston "Liberator," the organ of Thomas Paine's infidelity, it was an "epidemic." It was not only the latest, but probably the last, revival of this peculiar type. It is scarcely possible that its like can ever be seen again in this country. For it is not conceivable that the conditions which produced it can ever again exist.

The old Calvinism treated the whole human race as a unit. In the person of its progenitor it had been tried in the Garden of Eden, and his failure had involved all his posterity in ruin. Man no longer possessed freedom of the will; he could not repent if he would; he was shut up to sin and misery by the one great disaster. From this ruined race God had selected some to be saved who were the recipients of his special grace. For the rest there was, and could be, no hope. The paralyzing effect of this doctrine of despair is illustrated by an incident in the life of the English missionary Cary: when he ventured to propose some organized effort for sending the Gospel to the heathen, an old Calvinist called out, "Sit down, young man; sit down. If God wishes to save the heathen, he can do it without your help or mine." The preaching of Wesley and Whitfield that salvation was offered to all men, and that every man could elect himself to receive it, was everywhere followed by great emotional excite-

ment and great moral reform. This message was taken up in the Puritan churches by such men as Charles G. Finney, Lyman Beecher, and Albert Barnes, and was everywhere followed by similar results. It was a new theology; but it was more. For these preachers applied their doctrine to life and conduct; and in one respect more effectively than the early Methodists had done. Bred in the school of Calvinism, they held with the older Calvinists to the solidarity of the race, and pressed home upon their hearers their responsibility for the sins of intemperance and slavery. The revival of 1858 was a product of this new theology combined with the temperance and anti-slavery movements, which were partly caused by it and partly independent of it. The revival was far more than "an emotional contagion." It was an awakening of the conscience and a reform of the life. The spirit of the ministers of the new evangel was well illustrated by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's sentence: "We trust since prayer has once entered the counting-room, it will never leave it; and that the ledger, the sand-box, the blotting-book, the pen and ink, will all be consecrated by a heavenly presence."

Mr. Beecher availed himself of this opportunity with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. The contrast between his character and that of Theodore Parker is strikingly illustrated in the contrast between the critical attitude of Mr. Parker and the enthusiastic co-operation of Mr. Beecher. He became an evangelist, preaching everywhere during the week. Burton's old theater in Chambers Streets, disused as a theater, was used for a noon-day prayer-meeting. At one of these meetings Mr. Beecher delivered an address to a congregation which packed the theater as it never had been packed before—an address subsequently published under the title "How to Become a Christian," in his volume entitled "Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects." His sermons in his own church were specifically directed either to conversion or to urging the practical fruits of righteousness upon those who hoped they were converted. Some one told him of a stranger whose whole life had been changed by one of his sermons—"an arrow shot at a venture," he called it. Mr. Beecher gave one of the secrets of his pulpit success by his reply. "I never shot an arrow at a venture in my life," he said. "I have always taken aim; but I haven't

<sup>1</sup> James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States," Vol. III, pp. 101-107.

always brought down the game I aimed at." At the May communion in 1858 one hundred and sixty-three joined the church on confession of their faith. There were so many waiting for examination and admission that a second communion was arranged for in June, at which a hundred and thirty-five more were admitted.

A distinguishing feature of the life of the church during this revival was the daily morning prayer-meeting followed by opportunities for conversation with Mr. Beecher and with other members of his church who were present and eager to aid him as volunteers. There were, I think, no formal inquiry meetings and no organized band of workers. Everything was free, spontaneous, mobile. The prayer-meetings were like none other that I have ever attended. Mr. Beecher always took charge of them. There was much singing, there were prayers, there were experiences; there were very few exhortations. Mr. Beecher rarely called on any one either to speak or pray. Long-drawn addresses he cut short. Pietism or conventionalism rarely entered, and never was permitted to remain. The meeting sometimes became conversational, and even colloquial. Strangers were surprised to find humor not discouraged, a ripple of laughter sometimes sweeping over the audience, and yet the seriousness and solemnity never disturbed. Religion seemed a natural experience, something for every-day use, something to be enjoyed. Mr. Beecher always closed the meeting by inviting any present who wished to do so to ask for prayers, for themselves or for others. Sometimes there were few requests, sometimes many. If there were none, still there was no sense of failure or disappointment. When fifteen or twenty requests had been made, Mr. Beecher's ability to remember all in his closing prayer and group them in such wise as to make his petitions specific and yet not offensively individualistic, seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, wonderful.

My younger brother Edward was in 1858 a sophomore in the New York University. He had lived with my wife and myself while we were living in New York. He was warm-hearted and high-minded, and was very dear to both of us, but we both felt anxiety concerning him; for, like many another young man in his teens, he was living what might be termed a careless life and drifting where the current might take him. One morning in May

I asked prayers for him. I doubt whether I should have had the courage to do so but for my wife. I was averse to letting others know my feelings; I was doubly averse to letting them be known when another so dear to me as my brother was concerned. A week later my wife received from him the letter from which I make the following extract:

"It is with feelings of unspeakable joy and gratitude that I take my pen to tell you that George Baker, Albert Stewart, my most intimate friends at college, and myself have formed the determination to give up this world and devote ourselves hereafter to God and his service. The particulars may not be uninteresting to you. We three started out yesterday afternoon (you remember how pleasant it was) for a walk on Broadway. At about one o'clock one of us proposed—I believe it was I proposed—that we go and get something 'to eat,' in other words, to 'have a time.' We entered accordingly Rud's saloon, corner of Twelfth Street, and ordered our refreshments. There our conversation turned upon matters and things in the University, and upon the recent conversion of one of the hardest fellows there. From that we expressed our own feelings upon the subject of religion, and there in that place, where we had often, *often* met for frivolity and almost carousal, . . . we three solemnly pledged ourselves to begin a new life in God's service. The last time I went there I little thought what feeling I should have on the next occasion that I visited it. We talked the matter over till three o'clock, and then went and had an interview with Professor Martin. In the evening we went to a prayer-meeting at Dr. Pott's house, where one of our students by the name of Lloyd resides. At the close of the meeting we three repaired to Lloyd's room and remained there in conversation and prayer till a late hour. We three have been together all day to-day, have attended a meeting at Dr. Hutton's church, then went to Professor Crosby's, and afterwards to Stewart's, where *we hold our first prayer-meeting*. We three are one in our feeling and are determined."

The three friends became ministers of the Gospel. My brother Edward, as rector of St. James's Church, Cambridge, has left behind him, in its beautiful edifice and its active spiritual membership, a monument of a life of devoted, useful, and successful ministerial service.

I do not know that this incident directly

influenced my ultimate choice to change from the law to the ministry. But it exerted a powerful indirect influence, for it strengthened for me my faith in prayer, which sadly needed strengthening. I continued my law business with success. I continued to be interested in it. But more and more my thoughts, when released from the duties of the office, turned spontaneously to dreams of the ministry. A new Congregational church was in process of erection near our home in Brooklyn. I used, as I walked by, to go in and imagine myself the pastor and its pulpit my platform. I wanted an outlet for my aspirations, an expression for my dreams. I talked them over fully with my wife and I gave expression to them in a letter to my wife's father: "Every Sunday night I grow somewhat aspiring and ambitious and feel in a measure dissatisfied with my present life and a wish for the ministerial labor. . . . Monday morning, however, I generally go at my work with good zest, determined to do with my might what my hands find to do." My father-in-law did not encourage my ministerial aspirations. Instead, in a long letter he gave me an account of his recent experiences in Congregational councils, with the knowledge which they had brought to him of ministerial difficulties and failures, and the consequent frequent changes of pastorate. My wife did not take my aspirations very seriously—not enough so to argue against them. "Abby," I wrote her father, "laughs at my ministerial dreams sometimes."

At length, however, she mentioned them casually to her cousin, my brother Vaughan's wife, and she mentioned it in turn to her husband, and he came straightway to me with the proposal that, if I really wanted to go into the ministry, my brothers not only would put no obstacle in my way—they would open the door for me to do so. That he should have learned of my carefully concealed aspirations greatly troubled me. I was inclined to be vexed with my wife for having disclosed them. I have since been very grateful to her. For, whether consciously or not, she saved me from a very serious moral peril—the peril of commending myself for entertaining a purpose which I had not the courage to fulfill. It is never safe to live in actual conduct one life and to live in dreams another. And that was what I had been doing. I could do it no longer. I must choose. Honesty compelled me definitely to put aside once and forever my ministerial

ambitions and devote myself wholly to the law, or definitely to abandon the profession of the law and undertake, at whatever sacrifice might be necessary, to fulfill my ministerial ambition.

The problem was not to be decided easily. My letters written at that time bring back to me the questions which perplexed my mind—questions which it took six months of reflection to decide.

Health? Under the watchful care and hygienic housekeeping of my wife, and the rest which her home-keeping afforded me, my health had steadily improved. My throat? My father and his brothers had all of them been handicapped by throat difficulties, and all but my Uncle John had been compelled to relinquish the pulpit. I consulted an expert, and he advised me that my lung power was considerably greater than belonged to a man of my size, weight, and build, and, if I used my throat aright, it ought not to give me trouble. It never has given me trouble; and I have made myself heard by an audience of ten thousand under one roof and by one of four or five thousand in the open air. My house? I had bought it, but only partially paid for it—in fact, not really paid for it at all, since the purchase money had been advanced to me by my father. And it was salable property. Preparation for the ministry? I could not take my wife and child through a theological seminary. But my Uncle John was at that time supplying the Congregational pulpit in the old home church at Farmington, Maine; and I could go back to the method of the fathers and study under him. How live while I was pursuing those studies? The home at Fewacres was opened to us as our home by my Aunts Sallucia and Clara, and my brothers were ready to pay for my share in the good will of the business and in the law library which we jointly owned, enough to cover our living expenses until I was ready to take a parish. And I recalled the fact that Dr. Finney, who began life as a lawyer, passed from the law into the ministry with but one year of special preparation. My wife? Had she objected to the change I should have remained in the law. But she neither objected nor approved. When a friend asked her what she thought of marrying a lawyer and finding herself the wife of a minister, she replied, cheerfully, "I did not marry a lawyer. I married Lyman Abbott." Thus was this complicated question simplified. All external objections were removed. I had only to con-

sider two question: Had I the character which fitted me for the ministry? and, Was I willing to pay the price involved in the change?

About the first question I had great doubts. "I do not think," I wrote, "that I am so well qualified for it as I am for my present profession. I think I should only do the preaching at all successfully, and I think I should preach out before long. Of all things I should dislike most being obliged to preach when I had nothing to say." I was temperamentally skeptical, and how far I could accept the creed of the Church and work in harmony with it was a disturbing question. I believed in God and in his providential care of his children. But I lacked a knowledge of him as a personal friend. I wanted "not a technical and theologic acquaintance with his attributes, but a personal and immediate acquaintance and recognition of *him* as a person; this is what the Bible inculcates when it directs us to grow in the knowledge of God." I doubted my motives. "How much of it" (my ministerial ambition), I admitted to myself and confessed in writing, "grows out of vanity and a certain ambition common to young men to be heard from, to speak in public and to an audience, and how much out of real love to the work, I have never been able really to determine."

So six months passed in questioning, balancing, reflecting, counseling. Every choice involves a self-sacrifice. I must choose what I would sacrifice. Would I sacrifice my assured income, my association with my brothers, my legal and political ambitions, my Brooklyn friends, my new home, and enter with my wife and child on a new experiment in life, with the certainty of small material reward and no certainty of spiritual success? Or would I sacrifice my ethical and spiritual ambitions? Finally, and with much hesitation and some misgivings, I decided to leave the law and certainty for the ministry and uncertainty.

Whether my father had approved my change from the law to the ministry I do not know; I doubt whether I ever knew. Certainly if he had been in this country when I was debating with myself the question I should have sought his counsel; as certainly he would have declined to exert any pressure in favor of or against the change. He would have said to me, "This is a question which only you can decide." He then would have put before me with great clearness, but also with absolutely judicial fairness, the advantages

and the disadvantages of the change, and would have left me to balance them and come to my own conclusion. But when that conclusion was once reached he proceeded to give me every help in his power to carry my plan to a successful issue. This was also characteristic of him. He was as ready to help his sons make successful an enterprise the wisdom of which he doubted as if it were one which he enthusiastically approved. Six years before this he had married a second time; the house in Greene Street, which he owned, and which had been occupied by the school, he had rented as a boarding-house, reserving rooms for his city home, and retaining a room in the homestead at Fewacres for his country home. The room which he kept for this purpose was known, from the use to which it had been put by my grandfather, as "the office." Much of his time was spent in travel, chiefly in Europe; but, thanks either to my good fortune or, more probably, to his good management, he was in Farmington in the fall of 1859, and I spent there in companionship with him five weeks, receiving his counsels, and, what is more important, imbibing his spirit, in preparation for what was to be my life-work.

On the 13th of July, 1859, I had written him my decision. On the 16th of July he had replied with a letter characteristic of him, and wise in its counsel to others as well as to myself. In the course of this letter he gave me this advice:

I suppose that any delay which takes place in your being licensed to preach is chiefly a matter of form, and of outward respect to the profession which you propose to enter, as you are as well prepared now to begin as you ever will be. Not that I undervalue study in a minister, but I believe he can carry on his studies to best advantage while he is at his work. It will be excellent for you to give some attention to Greek. You ought to make yourself the best Greek scholar in the country, but then the great means of learning the language is in connection with the investigation of texts and passages of Scripture in writing sermons. As to theology, there *is* a royal road to it, if there is none to mathematics, and that royal road is common sense. I think your success in the ministry will depend in the first instance on your talent and tact; but your power of sustaining yourself for a long time on your attainments in study—but it must be mainly study which you perform while you are engaged in your work, not what you do before you begin.

A fortnight later he wrote me a second letter of counsel, touching upon one of the

perils and perplexities of a ministerial career and upon one of the secrets of ministerial success. One passage in this letter I quote because it is applicable to many cases:

I feel a very deep interest in your future movements, and in the progress of your plans for effecting the great change in your course of life which you propose. Indeed, I presume, I feel more *solicitude* in respect to this change than you yourself do—the young are so full of hope and buoyancy of spirits. The main thing that I should feel anxious about now is that you should not get behindhand in money affairs during the interval before you are prepared to commence your ministerial labors. As I said when conversing with you on the subject in Brooklyn, the great evil which I should have to fear in a ministerial life is the being always pinched and harassed in respect to pecuniary means, and if you drift behindhand so as to get a little in debt, while making this change, it will probably take you some years to get clear again. In this view of the subject I am glad to hear that you continue to have some duties at the office, hoping as I do that thereby you do something toward the payment of your expenses. I think that this is far more important than any theological studying that you may do during the interregnum. The truth is that sermons which are *made in the study*, by a process of *construction* out of elements drawn from *solitary meditation* and from *theological books*, rarely have any effect in reaching and moving human hearts. It is only by going about among men, *as a pastor*, and learning by familiar conversation with them *how they think and feel*, and then shaping what is said in the pulpit to meet what is heard and seen in the real every-day life—that any really good preaching can come. I think that if you ask any sensible and successful minister he will tell you that this is true, and that he has found it so in his own case. So that it seems to me that the great thing is to get at work as a pastor as soon as possible, and above all to husband your resources, and avail yourself of all possible means to diminishing expense, until you begin to receive an income from your work, so as not to get behindhand and in debt. . . . I was employed while in Farmington in making some improvements in the office which when they are completed will make that part of the house much more convenient, especially for the lady who occupies it. I have enlarged the office a little, and made a little bedroom, closets, etc.

In his next letter, written about a fortnight later, he described more fully the changes which he was making in that portion of the Fewacres house which he occupied—that is, my grandfather's office. I supposed at the time that these changes were made in order

to give enlarged accommodation to him and his wife, and I have no doubt that he had this in view. But on reading over these letters I now have little doubt that the immediate cause of his making them at this time was to enable my wife and myself to spend our winter at Fewacres, which we could do much more economically than in or near New York City. He never intimated to me that this was his object. It was, at all events, the result.

My decision to leave the law for the ministry I reached without any direct counsel on the subject from either my father or my brothers. But after the decision was made, my father's counsel, I have now no doubt, was a determining factor in my decision as to the *method* I would pursue in making the change; for the course I pursued was in accordance with his counsel. I sold my interest in the firm of Abbott Brothers to my brothers, leased my house for the winter, planning to sell it in the spring, and with my wife and child went to Farmington to spend the winter in studies for the ministry, where five years before I had spent the winter in studies for the law.

Have I ever regretted the change? Never on my own account. But sometimes, when I have realized the sacrifice which this change imposed on others, I have wondered, Was it right? It meant far greater sacrifice to my wife than to me. Yet I believe in the opportunity it offered her to share in her husband's labors and to win by her pastoral work successes for him she was more than satisfied with the change. No such compensation came to my brother Vaughan. Had he allowed me to realize what the change cost him, I doubt whether I should have had the courage to make it. He died in 1890, when I was pastor of Plymouth Church. And I venture to transcribe here, from the brief and simple address I made at the funeral service, this acknowledgment of my debt to him for his course at this critical period in my life:

"I may speak here, as I might not elsewhere, of my own sense of indebtedness to him for his exercise of consideration towards me at a critical point in my life. To found a law firm of Abbott Brothers, to build it up and make it in law what Harper Brothers had been in the commerce of literature, was the day dream and ambition of his life. I caught this vision from him and followed on

to help him realize it. I studied law and entered the firm before yet I was old enough to be a lawyer, not because the profession of the law had in itself any attractions for me, but because the vision which he put before my eyes dazzled my understanding. We three brothers formed the partnership, and our different qualities seemed to fit us admirably for a common work. It is rarely the case that three young men reap so large a measure of success in the legal profession so early in life as we did. But I grew discontented with the law, and desirous for the ministry. Almost by accident he learned the fact; I doubt whether I should ever have had the courage to propose to withdraw. He

made the proposition, and with my brother Austin bought out my interest in the firm and paid me money enough to enable me to devote a year to preparation for the ministry—paid me for dissolving the vision and destroying the ambition which had inspired him. Not that my going out of the firm was of itself any great consequence, but it was of consequence in that it put an end to a purpose dear and sacred to him. Not till long afterward did I at all realize what this had cost him. In fact, I doubt somewhat whether I realize it even now. He never told me. The debt is one not to be repaid, but may be quietly, simply, and with a reverent thankfulness acknowledged here."

*In the installment of his Reminiscences which follows this Dr. Abbott writes about his father, Jacob Abbott. He tells of his father's methods of dealing with college students as a professor at Amherst; of the respect which he had for those under his authority, which not only characterized his course as a college professor, but even as a teacher of children. Dr. Abbott gives an estimate of his father as a religious leader and interpreter, and tells the story of his father's encounter with Cardinal Newman, arising in a difference of theological opinion and culminating in an unusual personal acquaintance. Dr. Abbott also gives some account of his father as an author, and shows how his writing for children and young people grew out of his own practice. The installment closes with excerpts from Jacob Abbott's "Code Barbarian," which he wrote for boys, and which illustrates his method of giving moral instruction*

# EIGHT MINUTES' COMMON-SENSE EXERCISE FOR THE BUSY MAN

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WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAESELER PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

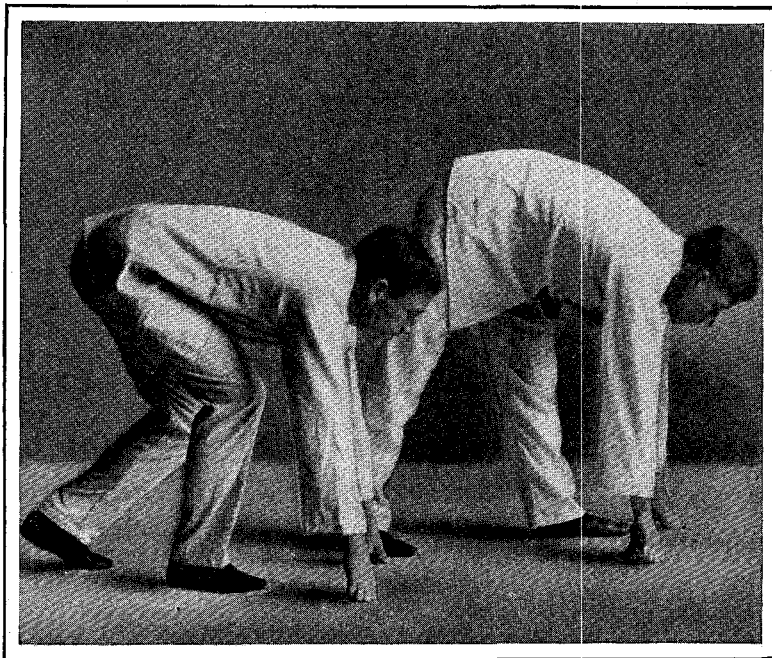
*This is the first of a series of three articles by William J. Cromie. The two other articles, to appear later, are entitled "Eight Minutes' Common-Sense Exercise for Nervous Women" and "Eight Minutes' Common-Sense Exercise for the Growing Child;" they will be fully illustrated.—THE EDITORS.*

**W**OULD you, Mr. Busy Business or Professional Man, believe that you can gain and maintain physical efficiency by devoting but eight of the 1,440 minutes of each day to simple common-sense physical exercise? Well, whether you believe it or not, I shall go on record for making such a claim. If you will meet me half-way by following the instructions contained in this article, I shall by your own verdict at the end of one month prove my assertion.

## WHO NEEDS EXERCISE?

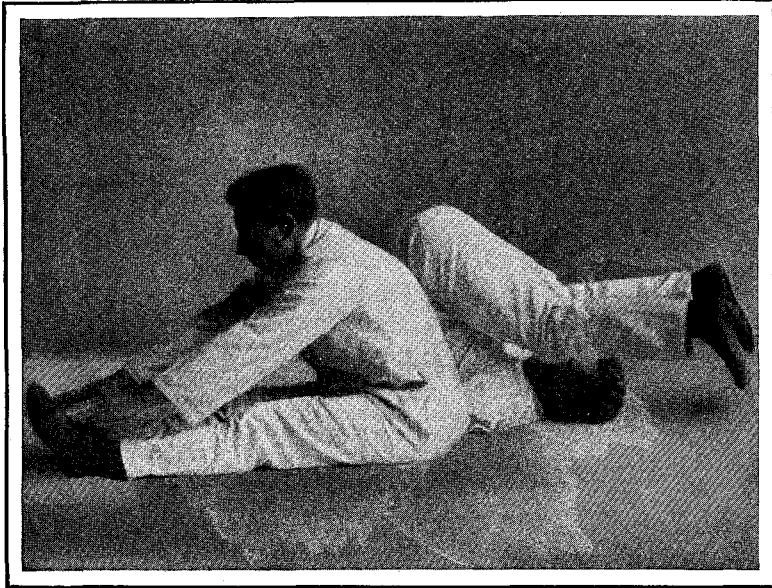
Every one, from the strongest athlete down to the bedridden invalid, needs a cer-

tain amount of muscular exercise. If one can do no more than practice deep breathing, then he should do so in order to assist nature in regaining his health and strength. The man who needs physical training most is he whom I addressed in opening this article, he who in his daily vocation performs much mental work, uses the mental machine almost to the exclusion of the muscular—who should aim to secure a little muscular exercise every day. He who teaches in school, he who works in the bank, the office, or leans all day over the drawing-board, will surely deteriorate physically and mentally if exercise is neglected persistently. One who keeps a



A B  
FIGURE 1. THE WALKING EXERCISE

To the left is A, walking with bent knees. B, on the right, has acquired the ability to walk on hands and feet with unbent knees



A B  
FIGURE 2. THE ROLLING EXERCISE

To get the best results from this exercise place yourself in a sitting posture on the floor, as in A, then roll over, as in B

high pressure of steam in his mental boiler and who fails to provide a safety-valve in the form of exercise is in constant danger of becoming a victim of nervous prostration, sleeplessness, indigestion, anæmia. He sees the world through blue glasses, contracts colds more frequently, and, on account of the faulty elimination of impurities which accumulate in the system, rheumatism and other ailments become manifest. On account of vitiated air in the office the busy brain-worker is more subject to constitutional disease, such as tuberculosis and pneumonia, than the outdoor worker, and he needs exercise in order to combat the tendency and danger of these diseases. The man working in the mill, the shop, or the factory gets muscular exercise; but, as it is usually confined to a certain group of muscles, and often performed in a cramped, unnatural position, he consequently needs physical training in order to strengthen and develop parts and to correct poor posture.

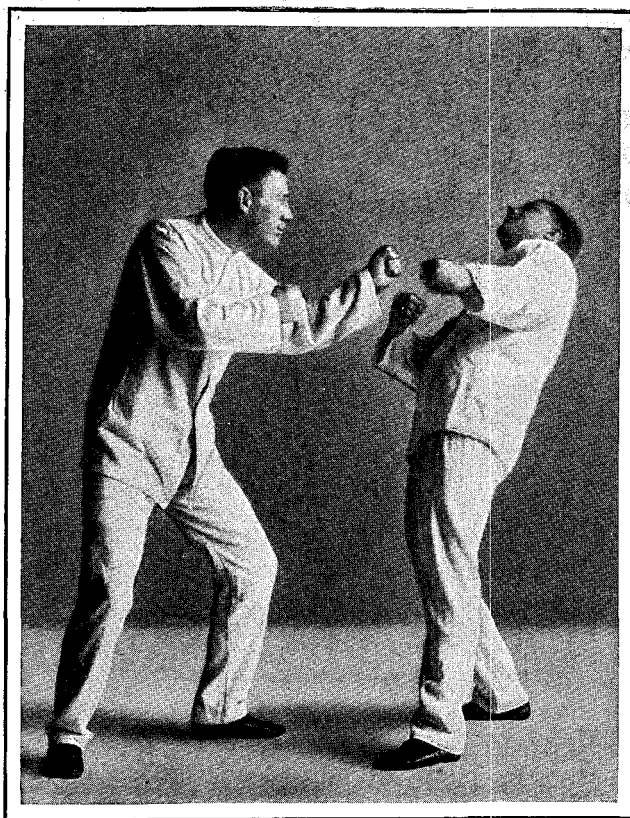
#### OBJECTIONS

When the busy man is approached regarding the taking of exercise, he usually has or invents an excuse. The most common objection is, "I am too busy." If you are sincere in that statement, Mr. Busy Man, if it is not that you are too indolent, then I wish to say that you are making the mistake of your

life. The man who on account of time or location deems it inconvenient to train the body for health is like the workman who is too busy to sharpen dull tools. Why should you go through life with a dull appetite, a poor digestion, unsteady nerves, unrestful sleep, and a tired body, when these can be sharpened and invigorated with the whetstone of healthful exercise? He who is too busy to daily indulge in a few common-sense muscular movements will, in a few years, find that his resistance against the inroads of sickness and disease has greatly decreased and will have to take time to be sick. He will then be ordered to take a trip abroad, to a sanatorium, or to the shore or mountains, in order to regain lost health. The "too busy" excuse is a flimsy one, because no man is so busy that he cannot exercise during the one-hundred and eightieth part of a day in order to build a bulwark of protection against the insidious inroads of sickness and disease.

"I get all the exercise I need in my daily business," says another busy man. This is a fallacy, because business of whatever form is work. Physical exercise, in order to be of the greatest benefit, requires absolute freedom of the mind from business cares and the use of the body in a manner entirely different from that demanded in daily work.

Every mental worker should have the



A FIGURE 3. SHADOW BOXING B

Take the fighting attitude, as in A ; strike right and left, then dodge, as in B

steady influence of some harmless fad or sport dissociated from business or profession, and I can suggest none better than some kind of pleasurable activity. This may take the form of walking, playing golf or tennis, gardening, raising chickens, or performing exercises such as are described in this article. Whatever it is, seek it as a pleasant recreation ; put your whole heart into it and make of it a hobby.

A man who has passed middle age makes the objection, "I do not like exercise, because I tire more easily than I used to. If I go upstairs very fast, I become breathless and my pulse throbs in my temples painfully. What would be the use in my exercising, as I am too old and heavy to come back ?" It is the lack of exercise and wrong habits of living that have brought about these conditions. In early life an excess of nutrition is well borne on account of much muscular activity. As a man becomes less active, the need for food should diminish, but the habit of eating heartily continues, and often

grows apace. The result is a steady departure from the proper balance of waste and repair. Depending on the amount of exercise taken, the food supply should be cut down after forty years of age, and the proportion of meat in the dietary greatly reduced. Meat is seldom ever required more than once a day, and intoxicating liquors never. The drinking of alcohol is no more necessary to human well-being and contentment than the drinking of chloroform, ether, or gasoline. One is never too old to exercise ; because, if he is not too old to eat, then he is not too old to exercise in order to help digest and assimilate the food eaten.

Another objection to exercise is that some big-musclcd men are unhealthy, which in some cases is only too true. Lifting heavy weights and performing exercises which occasion strain will give big muscles ; but these are not always conducive to health. Health is a vital quality ; large muscles are not. The predominant aim of all body-building should be for health, education, and recreation ; and

any other method is contrary to nature, intelligence, and experience. If the average busy man thinks he should exercise and refuses to attend a gymnasium because it requires an hour's exercise two or three times a week, at least as much more time in getting to and from the place, undressing, dressing, then undressing, and finally dressing again, then I shall agree with him that it means a great draft upon his time. The reason I am writing this article and suggesting a better way is because just such an objection is raised. Do not think for an instant that I am "knocking" the gymnasium. It is a grand institution, and has come to stay, at least until we "make good" the slogan "back to the farm." I claim that it is better for one to perform eight exercises, such as suggested in this article, limiting each movement to one minute and

making it a régime during life, than visiting a gymnasium, however good, two or three times a week for six months or a year, and then stopping exercise altogether. The gymnasium is my second home; I have spent sixteen years teaching within its walls, and I know it has its limitations. It is purely artificial, brought about by our artificial mode of living. One hundred years ago two per cent of the population of the United States lived in the city, while to-day about forty per cent only is left in the country. This congestion means keen competition in order to gain a livelihood; it means a varied assortment of mental pursuits, and hence the counterbalancing influence of the gymnasium and common-sense exercise, eating, and sleeping.

Before telling you about this better way—one that covers all requirements—let me tell you what common-sense exercise should be

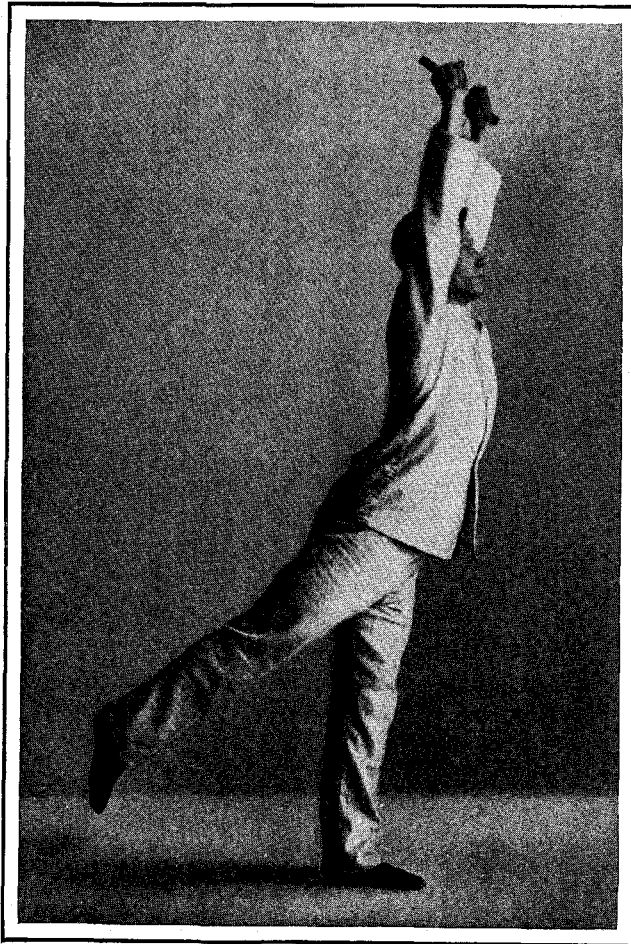


FIGURE 4. THE STRETCHING EXERCISE

The broomstick plays a very important part in this and the two following exercises

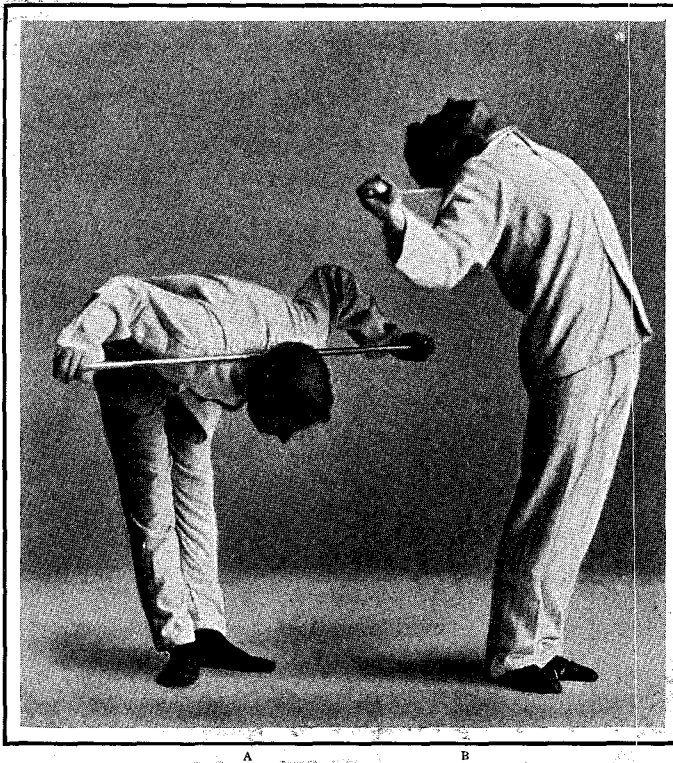


FIGURE 5. THE BENDING EXERCISE

With the aid of the broomstick the back muscles are developed

what it has done for others, and what it should do for you.

#### ITS VALUE

Rational exercise should produce, first of all, a foundation for an enlarged, expanded, and uplifted body. The masters of men in all times, men at the top in every line of human effort, were not alone those whose bodies were large and strong, but those in whom physical exercise of some sort was an almost ceaseless characteristic. In the Bible we find that those whom God chose as leaders were of strong physique. Moses was a strong man, else the march over desert, sea, and mountain would have exhausted him, the anxiety of the exodus would have crushed him. He came through all this in splendid condition, for Holy Writ informs us that "Moses was an hundred and twenty years old when he died; his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated."

Socrates, the heathen philosopher of Athens, was of strong physique, because in Harrison's "Story of Greece" we are told that he surpassed all men in physical endurance. Cicero, Rome's great orator, had

stated hours for exercise. Caesar was an extremely skillful swordsman and horseman and a good swimmer. Hannibal and Alexander were great generals whose bodies were strong, who could endure fatigue and the extremes of heat and cold. Lycurgus and Coriolanus were devotees of manly sports. Alcibiades became master of the Athenians by reason of eloquence, grace of person, and strength of body. Sertorius in full armor swam the Rhone. Marius, Pelopides, Marcellus, and Cato delighted in exercise and strength of body. In short, ancient and mediæval history shows that brain and brawn were two characteristics of men whom the world recognized as leaders.

Modern history reveals the fact that our great men indulged much in physical training and excelled in physical prowess. Washington weighed over two hundred pounds and was over six feet in height. In his day he was king at wrestling and jumping. Tradition says that Nathan Hale jumped twenty feet, but Washington, beating him, did twenty-three. Our first President's chest girth directly under the arms was 44.5 inches, being two inches greater than John L. Sullivan's in his palmiest days. Washington was a man of massive frame and far-seeing intellect, and will always remain in the heart of every true American "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Lincoln, Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Jackson, and Webster were men of strength and endurance. Gladstone, Bismarck, Luther, Napoleon, and Beecher won the admiration of the world by the physical bodies and master minds which they possessed. Are not the leaders of thought to-day strong, large men? Some are tall, like Washington, others short, like Napoleon; but almost all have bodies large in comparison with their height. This is because the trunk is well named. It is a hollow box which contains the heart, lungs, stomach, intestines,

liver, and other vital organs. When the trunk is expanded and uplifted, the organs are upheld by their normal support, each in its proper place, and each organ has space in which to do its work. The heart and lungs need plenty of room in which to perform their important physiologic duty, and such space is only provided in a fully expanded trunk. The first thing, then, in a common-sense system of exercise is to create an enlarged, uplifted, and roomy body.

Again, rational exercise should stimulate the operation of every vital organ, invigorating every function. It should produce a feeling of fatigue, but not of exhaustion. It should induce perspiration. It should produce sleep, not wakefulness, and should gradually produce a normal appetite.

It should also develop the muscles—not a certain group, but every muscle of the body evenly and symmetrically. Muscles are developed not in proportion to the amount of work they are called upon to perform, but in proportion to the quantity of nutrient blood they receive. Natural exercise, then, will increase the size and power of all the muscles equally, because it increases the general circulation of the blood, not alone to the muscles, but to all parts of the body. Exercise is valuable because it reduces the weight of the excessively fat man and increases the weight of the thin man. The heavy man's system is overcharged with fat, and vigorous exercise eliminates or burns it up. In the lean man's system there is an urgent need of a stimulus capable of arousing the digestion and assimilation to increased activity, and this agency is found in exercise. When more food is assimilated, it naturally follows that the weight of the body will increase.

Health, like money, can be accumulated, invested, and thus doubled and redoubled. If one must live a sedentary life, he should conserve and reinforce his physical "bank account" or capital with a large surplus of

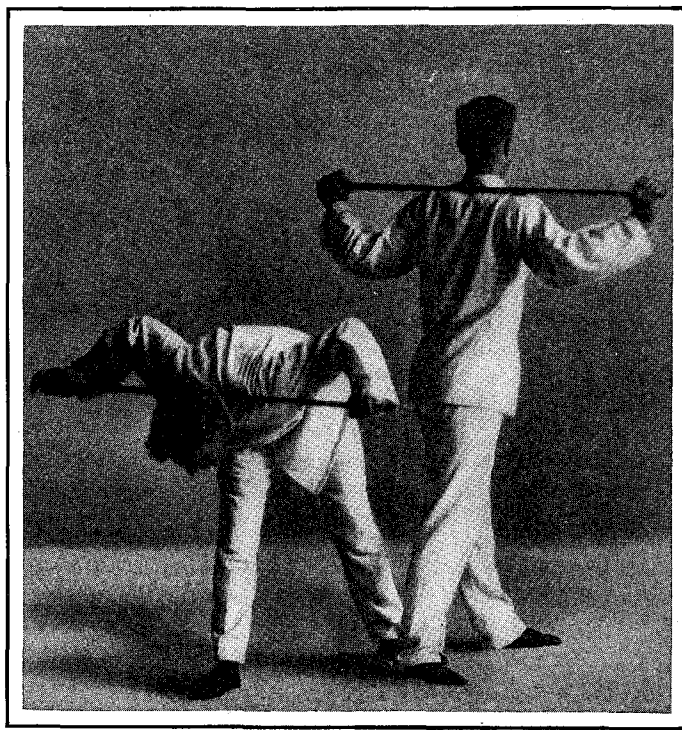


FIGURE 6. THE BENDING AND TWISTING EXERCISE  
From position A bend and twist the body right and left to position B

stored-up energy. If he uses the mind to excess and fails to bank energy by common-sense exercise and living, he will eventually force himself to the wall, with the inevitable resulting physical bankruptcy. Every reasonable man recognizes that life insurance is a good thing; but does he realize that health insurance is better? One enables him to die contented; the other, to live happily. His family would rather have him than his insurance money. An endowment life-insurance policy is the best for the holder, as he receives the money invested in a given number of years. With a health-insurance policy, where the premium is paid in the form of eight minutes' daily indulgence in physical exercise, instead of the holder waiting ten, fifteen, or twenty years, he begins to receive dividends immediately. A health policy not only adds years to his life, but life to his years.

I have been writing this article for over eighteen years, because it has taken me that time to gain the information contained herein together with personal experience and the observation of others, which I now pass on to you. I know these exercises will do what I claim for them, because they are

bringing results to over two thousand college students who meet in class work twice a week under my instruction. I hear some one say, "Are these movements original—some mysterious system just discovered?" No, I did not invent these exercises, and it is no special system. It is, however, more natural than most of the man-made systems. It is taught in nature's college and practiced by animals and healthy children. They, unlike us adults, awake slowly, stretch, yawn, shake themselves, dance, roll on the ground, jump, dodge, leap, and run. Have you ever noticed the cat getting awake? It opens its eyes slowly, stretches and yawns till fully awake. Many of us, on the contrary, awake at the ringing of an alarm clock, jump out of bed as if thrown from a catapult, hurriedly dress and eat, then run to catch a train about to move. At noon a quick lunch is the almost daily programme. Dinner is hurried at night, in order to attend the theater or some other place of amusement. After this,

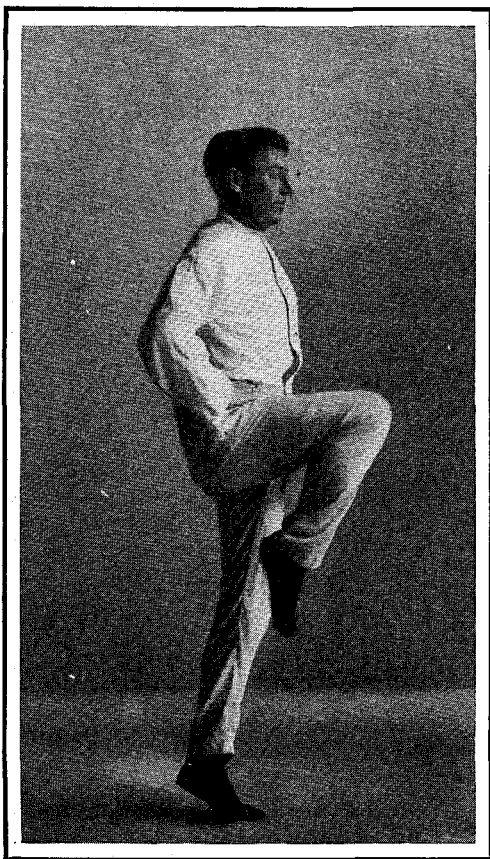


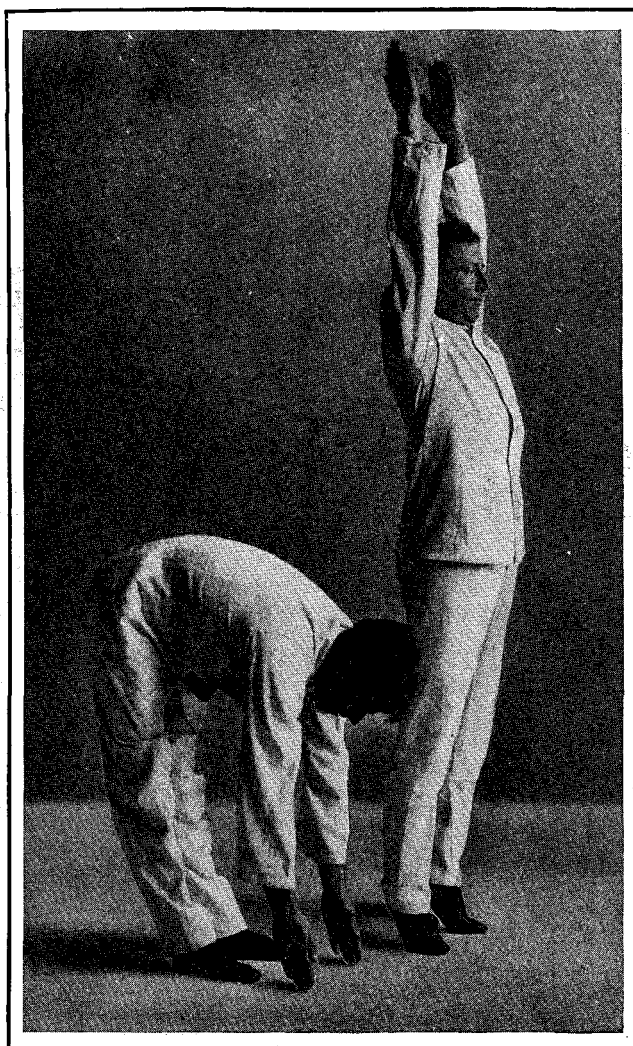
FIGURE 7. THE RUNNING EXERCISE

The busy man can get the benefit of a good run by moving his legs up and down in rapid succession

on account of the lateness of the hour, the alarm clock must be again set in order to repeat the awakening process. Is it any wonder that the wrinkles of hurry, worry, and nervousness are becoming stamped upon the American face?

Awake slowly, imitating the cat and the healthy child by yawning and stretching. A good stretch and a yawn is a gymnasium in itself—the gymnasium of nature. Stretch in every conceivable way, as it uplifts and expands the chest and wakens the internal organs to new life. Get out of bed and walk on hands and feet, as in Figure 1, to the bath-room. Walk with bent knees, as in position A, for two or three weeks, then try walking as in B, without bending the knees. In public this mode of walking would not be considered graceful or conventional, but as an exercise it brings results. Figure 2 is a rolling exercise. Sit on the floor, as in A, and roll backward, bringing back the feet (if possible) till the floor is reached, as in B, then roll to sitting or starting position. To make this movement more difficult, start from A and lie on the back; roll back, as in B; lower legs to floor, and raise body to sitting position. These rolling exercises not only give exercise to the entire body, but the pressure of the floor on the body gives a splendid massage. Figure 3 is a dodging movement. Strike at an imaginary foe, as in position A; then dodge, as in B. Put plenty of action in it. This is called shadow boxing, and some pugilists practice it to become more proficient at the game. Figure 4 is a stretching exercise, which expands and uplifts the chest, and tends to make one more erect. In this and the two following exercises a broomstick is used because it serves as an incentive for one to do more strenuous work. It is not, however, necessary to use any appliance in the performance of these exercises, although I find that the untutored will get a better bend and rotation with the assistance of the stick.

Figure 5 is a bending exercise, and will give elasticity to the back. Bend forward, as in position A, then backward, as in B. Figure 6 is a combination of bending and twisting. With feet apart about thirty inches, bend forward and twist, as in A, toward the right leg, twist body to the left, as in B, then right and left alternately. Bending from side to side as far as possible is an excellent exercise to stir up a lazy liver. Keep the stick on the shoulder during the side bending. Figure 7



A B  
FIGURE 8. THE DEEP-BREATHING EXERCISE

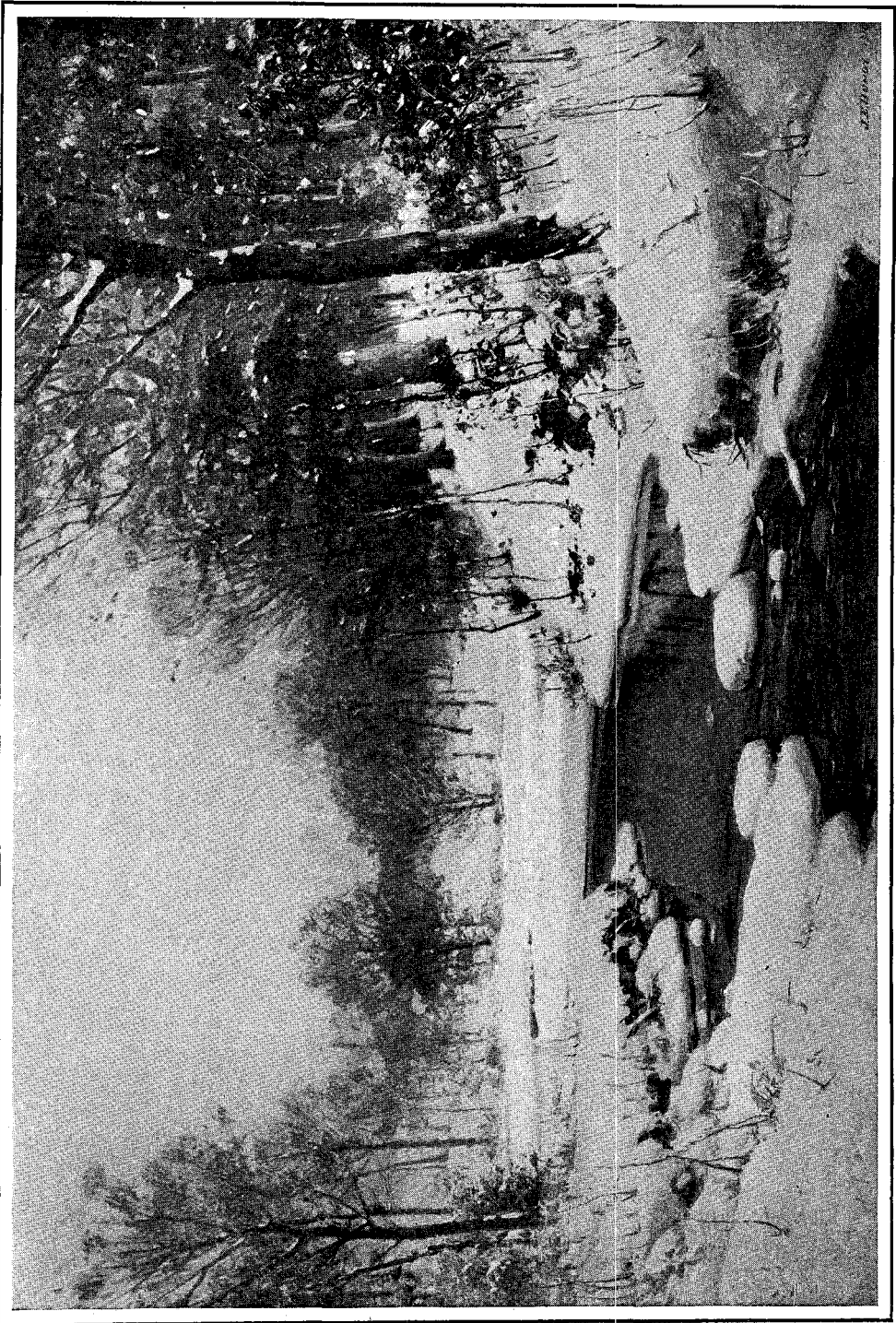
Inhale deeply, as in B; hold breath, bend forward, as in A; return to starting position and exhale

is a running exercise. It is very difficult to run in the congested city street, so one must perform his running without gaining ground. Run stationary, as in the figure, bringing the knees up one after the other as near the chest as possible from fifty to one hundred times to the minute. Figure 8 is the deep-breathing exercise. Raise the arms forward above the head, inhaling deeply; hold breath and bend forward, as in A; up on toes and stretch, as in B; lower arms to side, exhaling. Finish the exercise with a deep-breathing movement.

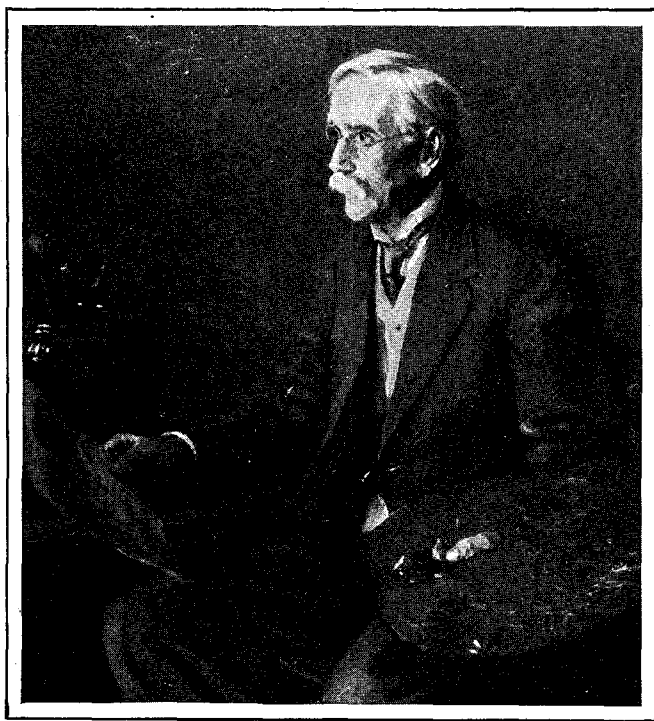
It is better to perform these exercises in pajamas in the morning, as one's vitality is stronger then than later in the day, and much

clothing restricts freedom of motion. Every one must judge for himself how much exercise to take at a dose, as the amount beneficial to one might prove injurious to another. These exercises of stretching, walking on hands and feet, bending, twisting, dodging, and running are basic in character. Every limb does work in proportion to the strength of its muscles without strain, as it moves only its own weight.

It is no credit to a man to make a success of life up to thirty-five, then be ready for the junk-pile at forty. But to live well on toward one's second century takes a man big enough to live naturally and unselfish enough to spend at least eight minutes daily in common-sense exercise for his health's sake.



EARLY SNOW



PORTRAIT BY ROBERT GRAFTON

JOHN ELWOOD BUNDY

## AN INDIANA LANDSCAPE POET AND HISTORIAN

BY ELLA BOND JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTINGS BY JOHN ELWOOD BUNDY

**T**HERE is a group of artists now painting in the Middle West who are doing an estimable service for that section by catching and recording in paint on canvas the characteristic beauty of the native landscape, which coming generations can see and know only through their work, for slowly but inevitably it is passing, to be replaced by a landscape that will be more man-made than nature-made.

Of these landscape painter-historians no one sees beauty in nature more poetically or expresses it with a vision and technique more uninfluenced by the ideas and conventions of other painters than does John Elwood Bundy, of Richmond, Indiana. He sings naturally, in the language of color, the beauty of the Hoosier landscape, just as James Whitcomb Riley gives us in words the charm of his Hoosier neighbors and friends. Folks cultivated and uncultivated enjoy the works of both.

One friend and collector in a letter to Mr. Bundy says: "When I enjoy your pictures I forget all about art and artists. A curtain is pulled back and I see nature. The years that have passed since my boyhood are obliterated, and I am again a care-free boy in the beech woods, with squirrels and birds about me, and the odor of the autumn woods fills my nostrils at each breath. This invalid chair from which I write never existed. You have helped me cheat Father Time and rob disease of its prey for a while."

When one is considering the work of an artist who was born, not made, and only "self-taught," the sole recourse, in trying to discover his sources of inspiration and his ideals, is to look into that early self whose innate love for beauty kept him always seeing it in nature and always trying to express his sense of it.

In studying the works of such a painter

you discover that the seeing eye and a great desire may beget the expressive hand, which somehow finds the way with paint and canvas to record visions of beauty as unlettered poets manage somehow to find words and rhymes for an overflowing heart.

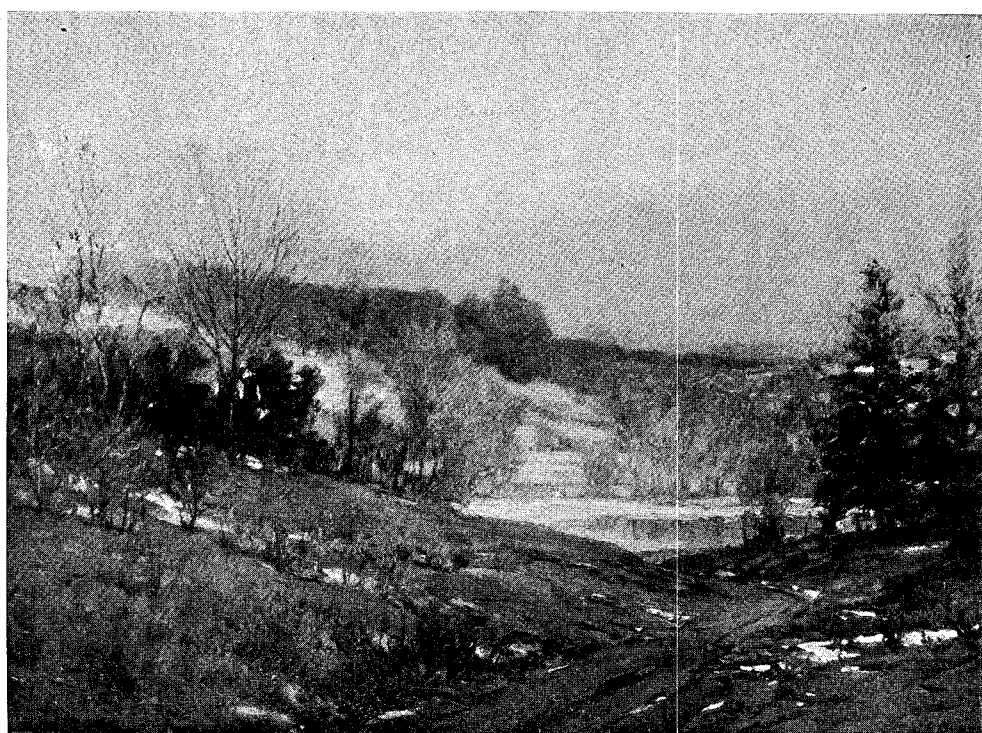
For such a painter you cannot record the usual satisfactory history of preparation as so many years of study at a good art school, with a list of great names as teachers, and the subsequent years of work abroad. Instead you can only record that he had at hand the great face of nature with all its changing expressions; that a happy accident, or it may be a special providence, sometimes sent him a new pencil, a better piece of paper, or the long-dreamed-of treasure of a box of water-colors; that once he went starved to a great World's Fair, where he devoured the art section with insatiable hunger, and came away filled with the inspiration that says, I, too, can.

When Mr. Bundy was asked whether he could recall his earliest impression of anything beautiful, he replied: "Yes, indeed, I can never forget that. It was when, as a very little child in my early home in North Carolina, I sat by my mother at the loom

watching the bright-colored threads grow into the beautiful patterns as she wove the old-fashioned coverlets." There remain in his mind, along with this early memory of a beautiful handicraft, also mental pictures of views about the old homestead, which was situated in a picturesque region near Guilford College.

At the age of five years he moved with the family from Carolina to Indiana, making the long trip overland in a prairie schooner and passing through the grand scenery of the Virginias, with ample time to see it. The varying color and big wonder of the landscape so impressed his child mind that it remained with him an abiding inspiration to see beauty in nature and to try to find a way to express what he saw. He says, "To this day I can remember Hawk's Nest almost well enough to paint it." In all that long journey what an unfolding panorama of light and shade, form and color, what details of sky, mountain, hill, and valley the surface of the earth must have presented! It is not strange that a sensitive child should ever after dream of painted landscapes.

The family of father, mother, and nine children settled in the Quaker neighborhood



LINGERING SNOW



THE HEART OF THE BEECH WOODS

of Monrovia in western Indiana. To grow up in a family of nine children on a farm where each child did his share of labor and attended the winter term of school has been in many notable instances a liberal education; but it did not meet the needs of a young boy who wanted to learn to paint.

This Quaker school at Monrovia, dubbed "Boneset Seminary" by some wag of the neighborhood, stood firm for the beauty of holiness, but disregarded any claims for the holiness of beauty—an educational attitude, however, less deadly than that of those people who disregard both holiness and beauty.

But, happily for the lad whose eyes were open, there was at hand the great book of nature, full of fascinating information. Nature was, in truth, the tremendous fact to be understood, the arch-enemy to be conquered, the generous friend, and the source of life

for the pioneers of the early American days. She must have left on sensitive minds wonderful visions of her mysterious power and beauty. It is not strange that landscape is the subject which American artists paint with distinction.

The little boy, John Elwood Bundy, early studied the great book, and made intimate acquaintance with visible nature in all her different aspects. Since trees were the characteristic feature of his environing landscape, he worshiped trees and recorded in his forming mind all the appearance of them. He learned them *en masse* as a part of the changing color scheme of the seasons, from the earliest greening of the willows by the spring to the last brown leaves on the beeches. He saw them as sun-dials, noting by their light and shade the passing of the hours from earliest dawn to fading twilight, and understood their real character when

their gray nakedness was etched against a blue and white winter world.

There were trees, trees everywhere, trees for companions and friends, in the solitude of the heart of the big beechwood, in the group of giant oaks in the back meadow, and in the farthest purple serrate mass of wooded distance showing against the sky-line and inviting to the infinite spaces of world beyond.

In trying to sketch his friends the trees he discovered that to paint all the leaves on a tree does not concern the painter; but their massed appearance to the human eye, which does concern him, is quite a different fact from their number and individual shape, and the only paintable one.

He graduated from "keel" and pokeberry juice as a medium of color expression when the writing-school teacher who "boarded round" brought him a box of water-colors, doubtless in sympathetic understanding of his great need, for was not "writing" in those days a fine art and the teacher an artist?

As a boy he was noted in the family for his ability to draw straight corn rows, and it is related that once when he went with his older brothers to see the first railway engine that passed near their home, in the evening when the children were gathered about the table busy with their lessons, he reproduced the engine on his slate with remarkable accuracy, to the surprise and delight of the big brothers. Not an infallible evidence of genius, to be sure, but doubtless no other boy in the neighborhood could have done so well.

The years of Mr. Bundy's youth went by with a conscious effort in learning to see and to sketch the paintable appearance of the landscape, but with no help in the use of the painter's materials. His only real instruction came at the age of twenty, when he had two weeks of help in the use of oil colors from B. S. Hayes, a portrait painter of some renown, who happened to be in Indianapolis at that time painting portraits.

This brief schooling was followed by several years' work in painting portraits in oil from photographs—commercial work which made him a living and gave some facility in handling colors and brushes. "Those portraits must have been good," Mr. Bundy says, amusingly, "for I never had one of them returned."

The next eight years of his life were given to teaching drawing and painting in Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana. Here he

learned what many another artist has learned, that a weary teacher of painting cannot be also a producer of paintings, and he saw that he would have to give up teaching ten and more hours a day if he ever became the painter he wanted to be.

So in 1888, at the age of thirty-five, he definitely determined to follow the call of his great desire to express on canvas with color the beauty nature had revealed to him during his years of intimacy with her, though, on account of wife and children to be provided for, it might prove to be a very serious call. But it was not to be denied, and he set about making a landscape painter of himself under conditions painfully unsympathetic and difficult.

The subsequent years of his life were devoted to a careful study of the pleasant landscape around Richmond, and to filling his mind with accurate information about the appearance of it and sketching it at all times and seasons with both oils and water-colors. He developed great skill in rapid outdoor sketching with oils, enabling him to record the fleeting appearance of nature's subtler moods, as, for example, his canvas "Passing Shower," sold a few years ago in the Annual Exhibit of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts; this was painted in thirty minutes!

With the exception of three summers in northern Michigan and a winter in California, Mr. Bundy has worked continuously and devotedly around Richmond, stopping at no difficulty—and the landscape painter's job ranks with the farmer's for physical endurance in all kinds of weather. He arose betimes to take the long tramp to "The Heart of the Beech Woods" (owned by the City Art Museum, St. Louis); he stood in the April rain to paint the woods about "Blue Spring" (in permanent collection of Richmond Art Association); endured the frosty nips of November to paint the bare, white-limbed "Sycamores on Clear Creek;" froze literally in trying to define snowy high-lights and illusive purple shadows in "Winter on the Whitewater;" and came home weary and belated at night after a discouraging attempt to picture his emotions in a way beautiful enough to be the expression of his pensive pleasure in "The Edge of the Woods at Twilight" (owned by William L. Saunders, Cadillac, Michigan).

Mr. Bundy says there is still enough left of interest and beauty in the landscape around Richmond to furnish subjects for the

remainder of his life. Some of his best pictures are painted in the studio after many outdoor studies of the subject, and if nature should not hold out he has enough sketches on canvas in his studio and stored away in his accurate memory from which his synthetic imagination could many times create anew her image.

His technique has been but little influenced by the methods of other painters. It is, indeed, just what happened between an empty canvas and his discerning mind striving to picture its ideas unified, and in a convincing and attractive way. It is like his own character—sane, direct, unaffected. There is in his work generosity with paint, reservation in color, surety in selection generally, though sometimes uncertainty; always a quiet taste and a beautiful, tender sincerity.

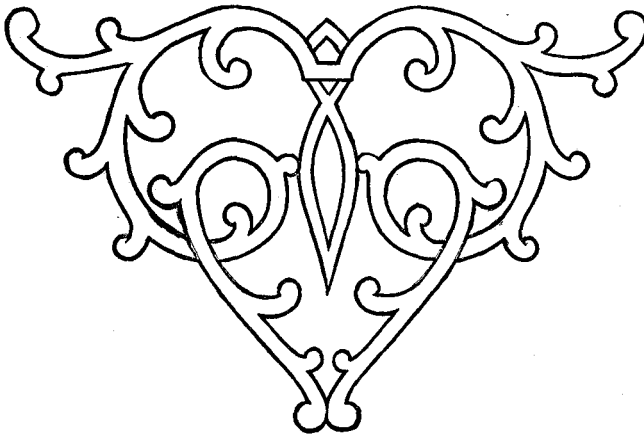
The whole truth of the development of this painter would not be told if mention were not made of the art exhibitions held annually for the past seventeen years at Richmond, which have given him the opportunity of studying the best American painting and have given his own work, hung in these exhibits, the silent criticism and inspiration of his contemporaries in art.

Sales and honors came slowly, but they came in encouraging measure. Mr. Bundy is a member of the Art Association of Rich-

mond, Indiana, and the Society of Western Artists. He received the Richmond Prize in 1907 and 1909, and the Mary T. R. Foulke Prize in 1911. He is represented in the City Art Museum, St. Louis, the Vincennes Art Collection, the Marion Art League, the Public Art Gallery, Richmond, and in many private collections. He exhibits annually in Chicago and Indianapolis, sometimes in Philadelphia and New York, and always in the group of cities that take annually the "Indiana Circuit Exhibit" of American paintings. Two of his pictures, "Sycamores on Clear Creek" and "Winter on the Whitewater," were selected by Mr. Gardner Symons to be shown at the National Arts Club exhibit in April, 1914.

John Elwood Bundy, with his artist's temperament and imagination and his self-trained eye and hand, has contributed much to the enjoyment of art lovers. His paintings also have been great teachers, opening the eyes of the unseeing to find beauty in nature as he sees it, and to appreciate and enjoy the expression of it on canvas.

His work will live to show coming generations the character of the native landscape in the Whitewater Valley of Indiana and the beautiful way one sensitive soul felt about it, for he is both landscape historian and poet.



# TO A CHILD OF JUDAH, ASKING ALMS

BY ELOISE ROBINSON

Why should it be mine to give,  
Boy, whose lightsome feet have trod  
In their play, swift, fugitive,  
Cobblestone and mountain sod  
Quick with footstep of my God?

Boy, whose head has been to rest  
Folded in a dear embrace  
On a second Mary's breast,  
Near the glory of her face,  
Who am I to grant thee grace?

Boy, whose strange and darkened eyes  
Are His eyes who wept for me,  
Shadowed with the first surmise  
Of a whole world's misery,  
Who am I to give to thee?

## THE DEFENDER

BY MARTHA HASKELL CLARK

Winter smote upon my door with his mailed hand.  
"Hail within! My legions white spur across the land.  
Open now in Winter's name! Open, nor delay!  
Ye of paltry latch and thatch, seek quarter while ye may!"

Little Love upon the hearth blew the brands again,  
Held his rosy, baby hands to the embers' glow;  
Baffled, scowling, Winter stood, watching through the pane,  
Turned upon the roadside oaks, and felled them at a blow.

Hunger eyed us through the crack, leering, plunder-wild,  
Laughed upon our clasping hands, and Love, a helpless child.  
"Think you, then, until the spring to stand a double siege?  
Ye of beggars' meal and weal, confess me lord and liege!"

Little Love with steady eyes, smiling hidden-sweet,  
Fetched the flagon, halved the crust, and spread our trencher-board.  
Sullenly adown the road sounded Hunger's feet,  
While Love blessed our evening fare, and shared our simple hoard.

When Spring rode along the way, bannered green and gold,  
Found he but a blackened hearth spread with ashes cold,  
Glimpsed the empty cupboard's door, loosed, and swinging wide,  
Found he little valiant Love, smiling, still inside.

# UNCLE SAM, GUARDIAN OF THE GAME

BY WILLIAM L. FINLEY

STATE GAME WARDEN FOR OREGON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HERMAN T. BOHLMAN

A FEW days after the Tariff Bill was signed by President Wilson on October 3, 1913, one of the biggest ocean liners from Liverpool arrived in New York. The Custom-House officials, according to the newspaper accounts, began taking the aigrettes from the fancy hats of the women passengers.

"It seems to me you are in small business," said one of the women, rather tartly.

"Have to obey orders, madam; these aigrettes are contraband," answered the official.

This conversation was occasioned because the House of Representatives, about the first of that year, passed an amendment to the tariff schedule prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds except for scientific purposes. When the amendment reached the Senate Committee on Finance, representatives from the wholesale milliners argued very

strongly against destroying their lucrative profit in plumes.

"What's the use of throwing away two or three hundred thousand dollars in duty when Uncle Sam needs the money? The birds are useless," they said. "What difference does it make if we reap the benefit from birds that may be killed among the mangroves of the West Indies or along some tropical stream?"

Any business man could see the logic in the argument. Inasmuch as a lot of bird cranks were raising a great fuss, the Subcommittee on Finance, to whom the matter was referred, adroitly changed the feather proviso. The report was passed by the Senate Committee on Finance, and was very satisfactory to the wholesale milliners. But the lovers of the birds soon discovered that their amendment had been nullified in effect. Members of the Senate Committee began



CASPIAN TERNS ON KLAMATH LAKE RESERVATION, CALIFORNIA

This lake and the surrounding marshes were first set aside by special proclamation of President Roosevelt in 1908. The reservation protects great colonies of water birds

getting letters from people all over the country.

"During all my public life and in all the important questions that have come up for settlement, I have never received so many letters upon one subject as upon this subject of birds, nor have I ever received so much bitter abuse before," said a member of this Committee in the Democratic caucus on September 2. It was too small a matter to disagree on, so the caucus decided to uphold the Committee on Finance and favor the milliners.

At this point, two Senators, Lane and Chamberlain, from the remote Oregon country, bolted, refusing to abandon the bird cause. One said:

"We can see no reason why the bird life of any country should remain at the point of final disappearance. Bird life is nature's check against innumerable insect pests. In Oregon and in every State in the Union we have to fight continually against insects; we need the birds in the orchards and fields more than on stylish bonnets."

"We have too many problems of National importance to solve. Let us not waste our time over the lives of a few long-legged birds," sneered another opposing Senator. Yet the caucus wasted five hours in arguing and debating, and bird protection triumphed.

"It has been a long fight to get Congressional recognition for wild bird protection," said Mr. T. Gilbert Pearson, Secretary of the National Association of Audubon Societies, who for several years has been leading the fight against the wholesale milliners to save our song and plumage birds. "Not many years ago milliners and taxidermists were advertising in the daily papers for the plumage of song-birds. A Boston milliner displayed one hundred and fifty skins of the Baltimore oriole labeled seventy-five cents each."

About this same time a hunter along the Massachusetts coast got some terns and sent the plumage to a New York milliner. The

tern is a bird that is sometimes called a sea-swallow or summer gull. The plumage is as delicate as the flight of the bird is graceful. The long pointed wings and tail of this bird at once became stylish.

"Send more sea-swallows," the milliner telegraphed the hunter. Then the milliner hastened to issue circulars asking for large quantities of terns and sea-gulls. The demand kept running ahead of the supply.

"No more fishing for me. Tern and gull shooting is better sport and bigger money," said one of the boatmen.

From thirty to sixty cents apiece for gulls and terns was not a small profit when a hunter could kill a hundred in a day. Fishermen, boatmen, and others hastened to the beaches and along the inland lakes where the birds had collected to nest.

The colonies at Muskeget and other Massachusetts shore lines were annihilated inside of a week. At Cobb's Island, Virginia, one of the baymen killed 1,400 terns in a single day. During the summer 40,000 were shot there. As the flocks near at hand were exterminated, plume-hunters discovered that they could make more money hunting white herons in the swamps and everglades of the Southern

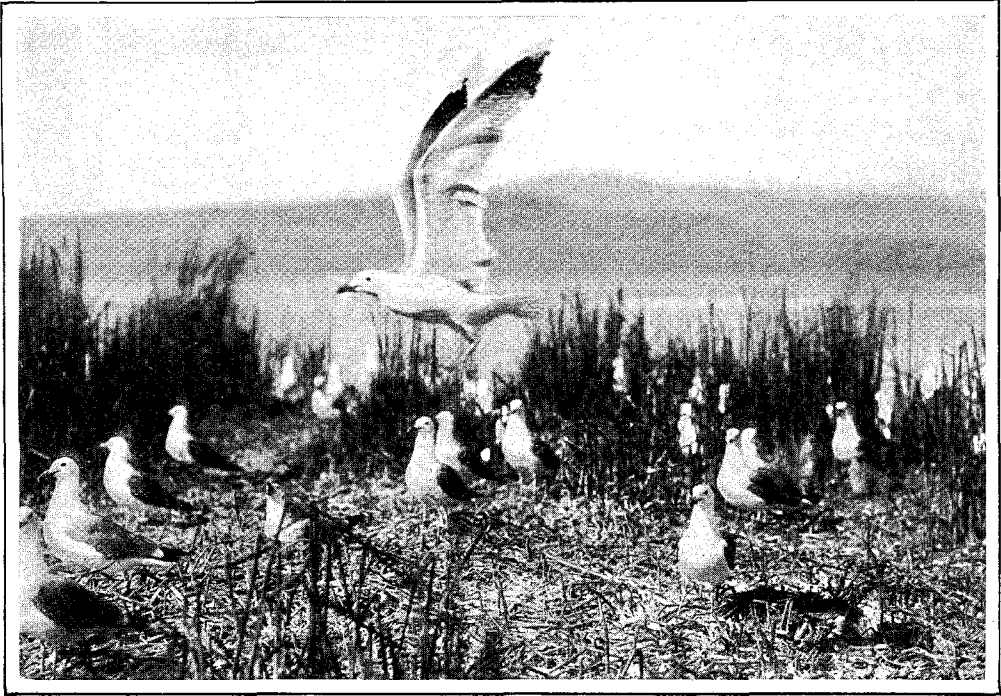
States. The great tule-marshes of the West were white with the nesting multitudes. During the summer of 1898 the white heron colonies were raided on Malheur Lake in southern Oregon. The plumers harvested a crop that yielded \$1,200 in a day and a half. During one summer 30,000 grebe skins were shipped to San Francisco from one point of the Klamath Lake country, besides the skins of untold numbers of terns, gulls, herons, and other birds.

One may get an idea of the slaughter of plumaged birds by glancing at the records of the feather sales at the Commercial Sales Rooms in London. During the year 1906 1,868 packages of aigrettes were catalogued for sale, or the plumes of nearly 150,000 white herons. At the same time



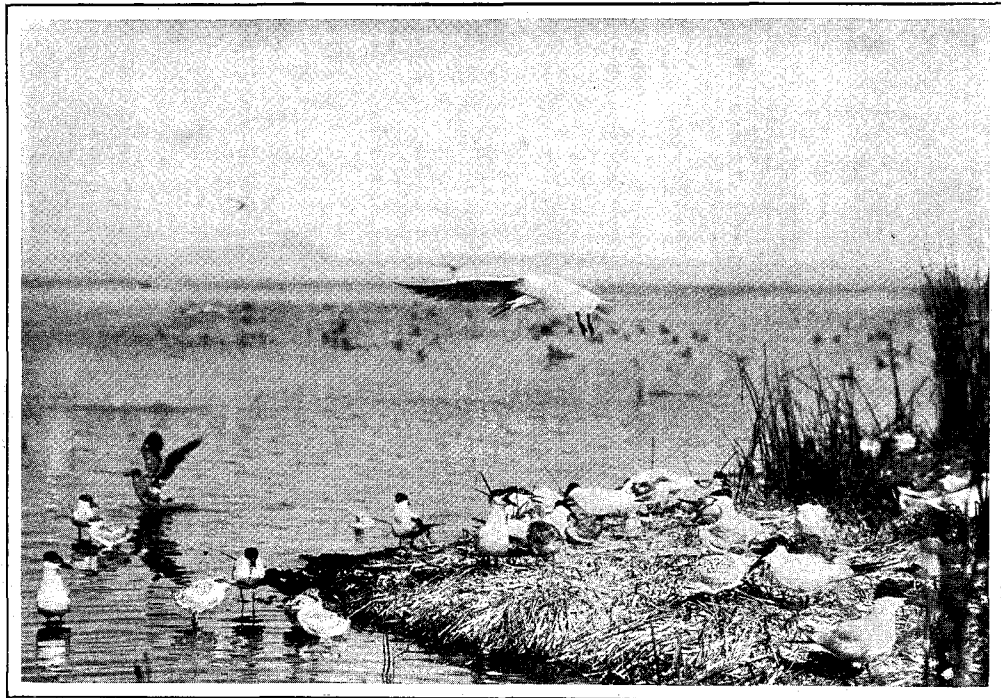
A YOUNG WHITE HERON

In the nest of a protected colony guarded by a Federal warden



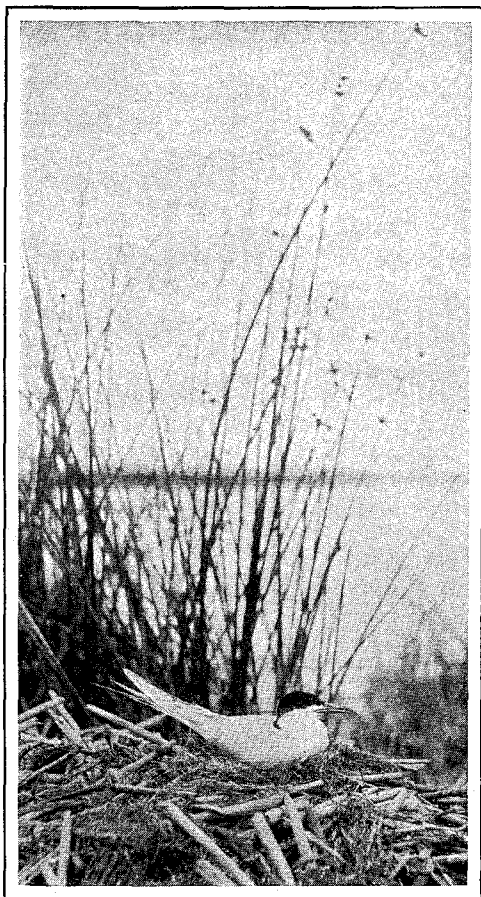
#### A FLOCK OF CALIFORNIA GULLS

Formerly great numbers of the gulls were killed by plume-hunters for millinery purposes. Now the birds are safe in a protected Government reservation



#### A BIRD COLONY IN THE MALHEUR LAKE REGION IN SOUTHERN OREGON

Here wild fowl are preserved by the Federal Government



FORSTER'S TERN IN NEST BUILT  
ON A MUSKRAT HOUSE

This bird has been exterminated in many  
places by plume-hunters

40,785 skins of the bird of paradise were sold, in addition to an enormous amount of the plumage of terns, gulls, albatrosses, and other species. On April 14, 1908, one shipment of over 15,000 sooty terns was catalogued. On June 10, 15,500 more skins of the same species were on sale. This meant that professional plume-hunters had found and raided certain breeding colonies of this species, and practically every bird had been killed.

As the demands for plumage grew, it opened a way for an indolent class of people who wanted an easy means of livelihood. Thousands of shiftless whites and Negroes were supplied with guns and ammunition by traders. Everywhere they roamed through forests and swamps seeking to lay low the last plume-bearer.

The results of this slaughter were soon evident. Wild birds are nature's check

against the swarms of insect life. With bird numbers rapidly decreasing, the balance of nature began to be affected. In some places the ravages of insect pests destroyed entire crops. The prosperity of all nations depends to a large extent upon agricultural pursuits. It was discovered that our wild birds are as much a part of our natural resources as our forests and streams. Hence the saving of our wild birds became a matter of National importance.

The last session of Congress not only took its first step toward protection of song and plume birds, but it took a step in game protection that was far-reaching in its effect.

Who would have thought twenty-five years ago that Uncle Sam would come to assume the right to regulate the shooting of wild birds? The killing of its own game has been regarded as one of the sacred privileges of the State. Several of the States had passed laws permitting their citizens to shoot ducks from September 1 to March 1, whether they were mallards or wood ducks. Uncle Sam has stepped in and said: "You can shoot mallards from October 1 to January 15, but you can't shoot a wood duck for a period of five years."

This is not a radical step. It is merely following to a logical conclusion the action taken by the State and acting on the policy of the greatest good for the greatest number.

Years ago the landowner thought he could kill the wild birds and animals which he found running at large on his own premises, or take the fish out of the stream that ran through his place, at any time of the year. He owned his own land and as an American citizen had inherent rights.

Who would dispute the homesteader in the mountains when he took the water from his own spring? The water bubbled out of the bowels of the earth on his own land and he was lord of it. Yet when he began to use this same water to irrigate his garden, he was often careless. He sometimes let it run to waste, depriving his neighbor next below of the use of the water to quench the thirst of his orchard. Then it was necessary for the State to step in between warring land-owners and settle the dispute.

The same question arose with the bob-white quail which were to-day on Mr. A's property and to-morrow about Mr. B's house. Mr. A desired to kill and eat all the quail, but Mr. B wished to have them about be-

cause they were his friends and were of economic and æsthetic value. The State took the position that the birds belonged not only to Mr. A and Mr. B, but also to Mr. C and Mr. D, and made strict laws in accordance therewith. The State was upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States.

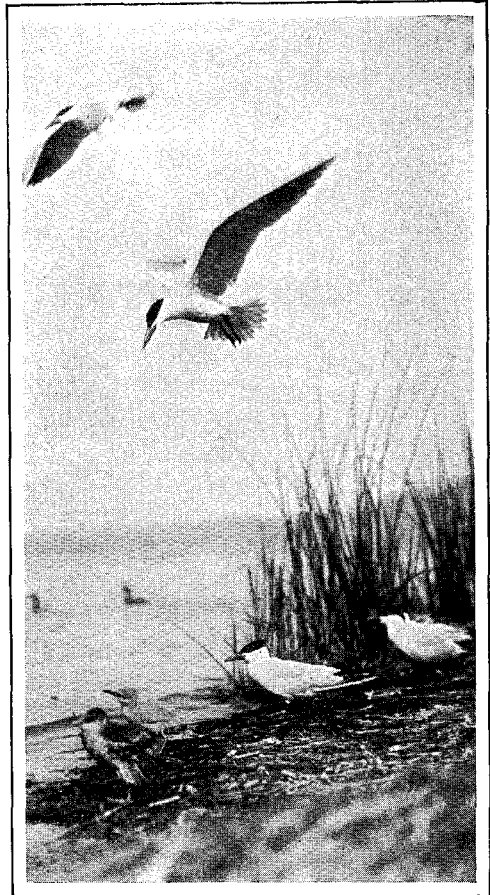
A little later on the State took a more advanced view—that no citizen could hunt or kill wild birds or animals until he had paid for the privilege. At that time the Hunters' License Law was regarded as an infringement upon the rights of an American citizen ; yet at the present time it is in force in almost every State in the Union. The money collected from these licenses is used for protecting and propagating wild birds and animals.

It happens that many wild birds migrate from North to South in the fall to pass the winter and return to their breeding-grounds in the spring. They are "citizens," not of one State, but of many. They belong, not to the people of one State, but to the people of the United States.

For many years the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number has been thrown to the winds as far as game protection is concerned. There has never been any concerted action between the legislatures of the different States. On one side of an arbitrary line birds are protected by law. Across the border they may be slaughtered at will. We have been working at cross purposes.

The problem of keeping game abundant in the advance of civilization is one that has not been solved. It is a problem that has needed much more careful study and experimenting than it has been given. The draining of marshes, the plowing and fencing of prairies, the cutting of the forests, which interfere and do away with the homes of wild birds and animals, have a decided effect. The rapid increase of hunters and the remarkable improvement of arms, and the failure to kill off predatory creatures which do little else than prey on game birds and game animals, have tended to decrease the supply.

To meet these conditions different States have not been giving the proper amount of thought and study. During a period of ten years, from 1900 to 1910, there were 1,324 game laws enacted in the different States of the Union—enough to save all the game in the universe. Thousands of other laws were proposed but not passed. During this same time game has been decreasing ; in many places it has been legislated to the point of



CASPIAN TERNS AND THEIR YOUNG  
FEEDING IN A MARSH

These birds are much sought for their  
beautiful plumage

final disappearance. We haven't been protecting game at all.

The main trouble with the State and its relation to game protection lies in the fact that our people have approached the game problem from the wrong angle. They have treated game protection as a legal and political instead of an economic question. Game cannot be made abundant by legislation ; its protection will be a failure as long as it is handled solely from a police standpoint rather than from an educational standpoint.

In different States there have been a variety of game protective systems used. The worst has been that which has been connected with politics and which is the "spoils system." Many times an honest and earnest man has been appointed to the position of game warden or commissioner. He may or may not have any particular fitness for the position. If he was ener-



**A MULTITUDE OF RING-BILLED GULLS HOVERING OVER THEIR  
BREEDING-GROUNDS AT KLAMATH LAKE**

Formerly plume-hunters often made large sums by shooting the birds indiscriminately and selling  
the plumage to wholesale milliners

getic, he perhaps worked out a good system and did good work. A change of administration meant that, even though this man had learned the business and trained the men under him, he lost his position. A lot of new men were employed to start in work again at the bottom. In any commercial enterprise this system would mean failure; it has met failure in game protection; it has been one of the worst features in an effort to protect wild birds and animals.

The Biological Survey of the Department of Agriculture has had charge of the study of wild birds and animals. It has for many years been carrying on a system of investigation to discover the relation of the bird to the farmer, the fruit-grower, and the timberman. This work has been largely educational. The Survey has been publishing in leaflet form for many years the results of its investigations and putting these results before the people.

Then again the Federal authorities have struck the keynote of wild bird protection in their effort to set aside certain places as refuges in different parts of the country where wild

birds are carefully protected at all seasons of the year. These places are along the seashore, the rocks off the coasts, lakes, marshes, or even rough places in the mountains that are of no value for agricultural purposes, yet which have been the ancestral breeding and feeding places of wild birds and animals.

About eleven years ago, in March, 1903, Theodore Roosevelt established by special proclamation the first reservation ever set aside in the United States solely for the protection of wild birds. Before he retired from office, in 1909, he had established fifty-three different refuges for this purpose in the West Indies, Alaska, Hawaiian Islands, and various parts of the United States. The largest and perhaps the most important are two reservations in Oregon and California, which include Lower Klamath Lake, Malheur and Harney Lakes, and the extensive marsh and tule lands surrounding. These areas embrace several hundred square miles—as large as the State of Massachusetts. They are the greatest nurseries for wild fowl on the Pacific coast.

Inasmuch as the State formerly regulated certain rights that the individual thought be-

longed solely to him, just so Uncle Sam has at last taken a logical step in bird protection by issuing rules for the migrating flocks that belong to the National Government and not to each State government. The only objection is a far-away echo of the howler for States' rights who says everything is being concentrated in Washington.

For the past ten years this step has been advocated by bird-lovers and naturalists. In 1904 George Shiras, then a member of Congress from Pennsylvania, introduced a bill for this purpose, but it did not get beyond the Committee on Agriculture in the House. In 1908 John W. Weeks, of Massachusetts, introduced another bill, somewhat the same as that of Mr. Shiras, and it followed the same trail. In 1909 Mr. Weeks again introduced a bill, somewhat modified, but it did not get a hearing. Again Mr. Weeks tried in 1911. Then at the first session of the Sixty-second Congress three bills were introduced on the subject of protection of migratory birds: the Weeks Bill on April 4, 1912; the Anthony Bill on April 12; and the McLean Bill on May 17. Then began an active campaign carried on by organizations of sportsmen, Audubon societies, granges, and individuals. A combination of these bills, entitled the Weeks-McLean Bill, was finally passed on March 4, 1913. On the same day it was signed by the President.

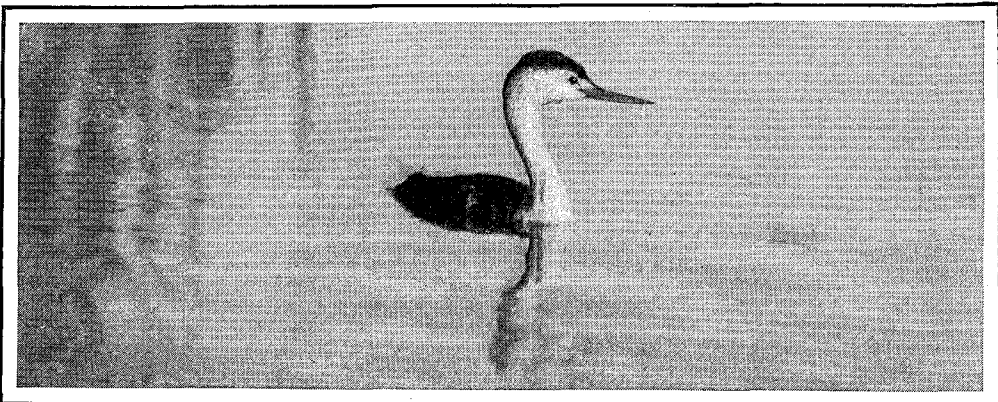
According to the Weeks-McLean Bill, which was approved by President Taft on March 4, 1913, all geese, ducks, wading birds, wild pigeons, and other migratory game and insectivorous birds which in their northern and southern migrations do not remain (permanently) the entire year within the borders of any State or Territory are deemed to be within the custody and protection of the

Government of the United States and shall not be destroyed or taken contrary to regulations which are provided. There is a special proviso in the bill stating specifically that none of the provisions shall be held to affect or interfere with local laws of the States for the protection of non-migratory game birds which breed and reside within their borders, nor is there any attempt to prevent the States and Territories from passing laws to render efficient the Federal regulations.

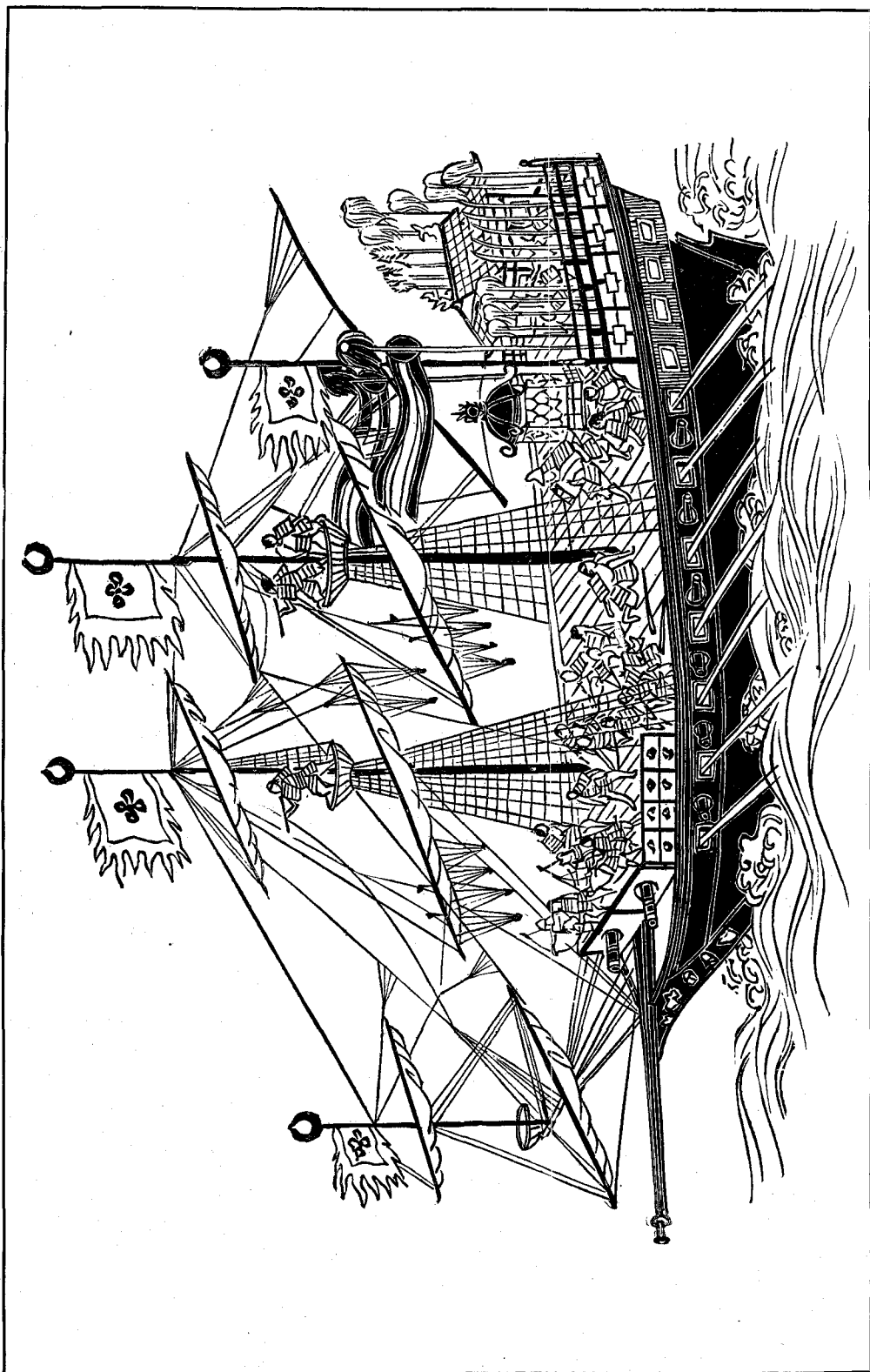
The Department of Agriculture was authorized and directed to work out suitable regulations by dividing the country into districts, fixing closed seasons with due regard to zones of temperature, breeding habits, and times and lines of migratory flight. These regulations were signed by President Wilson on October 1, 1913. Since that date Uncle Sam has taken up his guardianship of the migratory flocks throughout the land.

Since uniform laws and regulations have been adopted throughout the United States for the protection of migratory birds, the next step is to secure the co-operation of Canada and the British possessions on the north and Mexico and the other countries on the south. Many birds that breed in the northern part of North America and migrate to the Central American states will still be inadequately protected unless they are guarded on their breeding-grounds in Canada and also on their winter feeding-grounds in Mexico.

A resolution for the international protection of migratory birds has been introduced in the Senate and has received favorable report from the committee to which it was referred. It is very likely that a treaty will be made shortly between the United States and Great Britain providing for the better protection of migratory birds.



THE WESTERN GREBE



FROM "EARLY COMMUNICATIONS WITH SOUTHWESTERN COUNTRIES", PUBLISHED BY THE JAPANESE ARMY  
WAR-  
YAMATO ABOUT 1900

# HOW JAPAN LOST HER CHANCE IN THE PACIFIC

BY GEORGE KENNAN

IN reviewing the history of the great peoples of the Far East—the Chinese and the Japanese—one can hardly help noticing the fact that at a certain critical stage of development each of these nations happened to take the wrong turn. In both cases the rulers primarily were at fault, but in neither case can they be severely blamed, because they acted from the best of motives, and pursued the course that seemed at the time the right one. They were lacking in foresight and they erred in judgment; but they probably would not have gone wrong if they had not been influenced by circumstances that were largely fortuitous. Chance had almost as much to do with the unfortunate course taken by them as bad judgment had.

At the beginning of the Christian era the Chinese were little inferior—in intellectual capacity at least—to the most enlightened peoples of the West. They had acquired some knowledge of science, had made fair progress in the arts, and were developing apparently in what we should call a normal way. They cultivated grain; wove flax and silk; used weights, measures, and copper money; made bronze and pottery; employed the potter's wheel; possessed some skill in architecture; had invented the art of writing; had given names to the notes of a musical scale; had devised an astronomical calendar; and had acquired a fairly comprehensive knowledge of mathematics, from arithmetic to trigonometry. If they had continued to progress normally in these fields of activity, there is every reason to believe that they might have become a dominating power in the world, because they were equal to the peoples of western Europe in natural capacity and were a thousand years ahead of them in point of time. Unfortunately, however, at this critical period in their history they took the wrong turn. Instead of pursuing the study of natural science and developing their faculties by observation, reasoning, and experiment, they turned their faces backward and devoted themselves exclusively to the study and memorization of ancient books.

Before the beginning of the Christian era the works of Confucius, with the commentaries of his disciples, had taken rank as "clas-

sics" in Chinese literature, and in the latter part of the second century A.D. the Emperor Ling Ti made them the basis of a national system of education, to the practical exclusion of science, art, and all branches of knowledge that were intellectually stimulating or practically useful. Chinese scholars then began to bind up their brains with precepts of Confucius, just as Chinese women bind up their feet with bandages of cloth. Mental growth, of course, soon stopped, and all the higher faculties except memory slowly atrophied. This adoption of the Confucian classics as the sole basis of a national system of education was the greatest misfortune perhaps that ever befell a naturally bright and talented people. It was the wrong turn in the road, and in making it the Chinese wandered back into the past and lost their chance of becoming a great world power.

The opportunity of the Japanese did not come until fourteen hundred years later, but when it did come they also lost it, partly as the result of events that were largely fortuitous, and partly through the decision of a ruler who happened to be lacking in sound judgment and clear foresight. If the Japanese had not chanced to select a wrong remedy for a new evil, they might now be in possession of California, and we might be seeking to obtain from them the rights that they are vainly trying to secure from us. They lost the "mastery of the Pacific" only because they happened to take the wrong turn at a critical period in their national history.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century the Japanese were the most daring and adventurous navigators in all the Far East. Their insular position made them hardy and expert sailors, and they had at sea a natural intrepidity which was almost equal to that of the Northmen. At the very dawn of authentic history their ships were cruising along the coasts of China and Korea, and as early as the sixth century an armed Japanese flotilla sailed northward to what is now Siberia and ascended the Amur River for the purpose of invading Manchuria. In later centuries Japanese adventurers of the fiercer, more lawless type went to sea on plundering ex-

peditions, and harried the coasts of China, Korea, and the Philippines in very much the same way that the Scandinavian Vikings harried the coasts of France, Great Britain, and Spain.

Toward the close of the fifteenth century Japanese merchants began to extend their foreign trade to countries not previously visited, and as early as 1541 they had established commercial relations with more than twenty oversea markets, and were sending their ships to regions as remote as Java, the Malay peninsula, Siam, and the western coast of India. In 1594, twenty-six years before our Pilgrim Fathers landed on the coast of Massachusetts, the Japanese had a regular line of merchant ships running to Luzon, Amoy, Macao, Annam, Tonquin, Cambodia, Malacca, and India, and making, without any great difficulty or danger, out-and-return voyages of from three thousand to twelve thousand miles. The vessels of this line had Imperial licenses, and were known as "ships of the red seal" on account of the color of the stamps affixed to their charters. They numbered, at one time, two hundred and twenty or more sailing from the port of Nagasaki alone. The largest and best of them were three-masted, square-rigged vessels, eighty to one hundred and twenty feet in length, with courses, and sometimes topsails, of stout cotton canvas and dark-red lacquered hulls, decked over fore and aft, and rising at the stern into a high poop or after-castle. They were not so large as the galleons of the Portuguese, but they compared favorably with the caravels of Columbus, and were not greatly inferior to the ships of Drake, Hawkins, and the Cabots. They were quite capable of crossing the Pacific, and, as a matter of fact, two of them did go to Acapulco and back in 1610 and 1613. The sailors who manned these vessels were not as experienced as were the Spanish and Portuguese navigators of the same period, but what they lacked in experience they made up in enterprise, daring, and resourcefulness. They were ready and eager to go to the Pacific coast of North America, and as early as 1608, Iyeyasu, the first of the Tokugawa Shoguns, asked the Spanish Governor of the Philippines to give him facilities for opening direct trade with Mexico.

All the Japanese of that time were imbued with an ardent spirit of daring and adventure, and long before the Mayflower sailed from Plymouth they had settlements, or colonies,

in countries that are farther away from Japan than Massachusetts is from England. They took possession of the Luchu Islands, overran Formosa, helped the Spanish Governor of the Philippines to put down a revolt of the Chinese in Luzon, gained a strong foothold in Siam, and, fighting there in defense of the King, defeated invading forces of both Spaniards and Portuguese. Everywhere they were regarded as dangerous enemies, and in the library of Manila there is still in existence a copy of a letter written by a Spanish friar to his home Government in 1592, warning the authorities of Spain that the Japanese were "a very formidable people," and that their great Shogun, Toyotomi Hideyoshi, was likely to invade the Philippines as soon as he had finished the conquest of Korea.

There is a widespread popular belief that in the Middle Ages, and indeed long after the Middle Ages, the Japanese were an uncivilized if not a barbarous people; but this belief is based wholly on ignorance or misapprehension of their history and institutions. Measured by modern standards, they were lacking, of course, in certain kinds of knowledge; but tested by the standards of their time, they were not so far behind the rest of the world. Their social organization was feudalistic in type, but so was that of the European peoples. Feudalism was not abolished in England until 1660, and it lasted in Scotland until 1747. As early as the seventh century the Japanese had schools, and before the beginning of the eighth they had established in Nara and Kyoto Imperial universities with affiliated colleges and courses of instruction in ethics, law, history, and mathematics. The oldest university in Europe, that of Salerno, in Italy, was not founded until one hundred years later. The Japanese opened a great public library at Kanazawa in 1270, and established their first astronomical observatory more than a century before Commodore Perry entered Uruga Bay.

Even in the field of material achievement the mediæval Japanese were pre-eminent. They would have regarded our invasion of Cuba with a force of 16,000 men as a very trivial affair. In 1592 their great leader, Hideyoshi, transported 200,000 men across the Tsushima Strait to Korea, and his first army corps, under General Konishi, marched 267 miles in nineteen days, fighting one pitched battle, storming two fortresses, and carrying two strongly intrenched positions

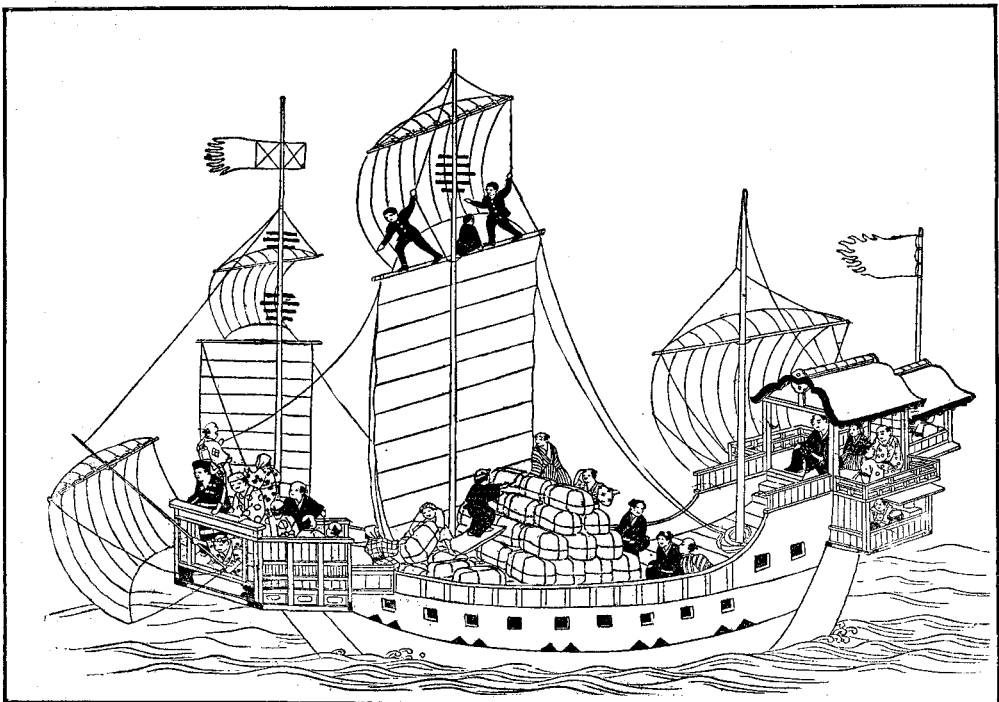
by assault. General Shafter was never more than eighteen miles from his sea base, while General Konishi, with Hideyoshi's first army corps, went 400 miles from his base at Fusan, and maintained intact through a hostile territory a line of communications that was almost as long as Shafter's would have been if, with his base near Santiago, he had marched to Havana. The ability, resourcefulness, and organizing skill of a nation capable of such achievements cannot possibly be questioned.

Nor was there anything to prevent this civilized, warlike, adventurous, and seagoing people from invading, colonizing, and taking possession of California before the end of the seventeenth century, or, at latest, by the middle of the eighteenth. Absolutely nothing. Between the time when the first Japanese ship crossed the Pacific and the time when the first Spaniards settled in San Diego there was an interval of one hundred and fifty-nine years, and during the whole of that period California was open to the first comer. It is impossible to believe, and almost impossible to imagine, that a people as daring and adventurous as the Japanese would not have explored and settled in the course of a century and a

half a country that they could easily reach, and a country that was so perfectly adapted in climate and soil to their tastes and needs.

It may be said that as explorers and colonizers the Japanese of that period were not equal to the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the English, or the Dutch, and that even if in their voyages across the Pacific they had found California they would not have settled it. This may or may not be true; but certain it is that long before the middle of the seventeenth century they had explored in part regions as cold and inhospitable as eastern Siberia and the island of Sakhalin, and had established large and in some cases permanent settlements in Luzon, Cochin China, Cambodia, and Siam. In the country last named they had acquired great influence and power, and had not their leader, Yamada Nagamasa, been assassinated in 1625 Siam might have become a Japanese possession.

It may be said that, even if the Japanese had established themselves there, the Spaniards would have taken the country away from them; but this is by no means certain. The Japanese, even in the seventeenth century, were not a people from whom it would have been easy to take away anything. They had



FROM THE "HISTORY OF JAPAN" COMPILED BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT FOR THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION

ONE OF THE "RED SEAL" MERCHANT SHIPS ABOUT 1600

learned to make and use firearms, including cannon; their typical soldier was the samurai, who has been described as "one of the best fighting units the world has ever produced;" they had repeatedly put into the field armies of from 100,000 to 150,000 men; and in 1598 they had just concluded "one of the greatest oversea campaigns recorded in history." Then, too, the Philippines were within easy striking reach of Japan, and if the Spaniards had attacked the Japanese in California they would have run the risk of losing possessions in the Far East which must have seemed to them at that time far more important and valuable than the unexplored and unknown territory stretching northward from the Gulf of California.

When all these things are taken into consideration, there seems to be little room for doubt that the Japanese, at any time between 1619 and 1769, might have crossed the Pacific and established a line of settlements from San Diego Bay to the mouth of the Columbia River. Their ships had already visited Acapulco, and in a century and a half they would have had plenty of time to explore and colonize California. Why, then, did they not do it? Simply and solely because in 1636, when Hawaii, Australasia, and California were all unoccupied, and all within their reach, they took the wrong turn in the road, and lost the greatest opportunity that had ever come to them. That opportunity remained open for a period of one hundred and thirty-three years, and then at last the Spaniards took possession of California and the English sent a colony to Botany Bay.

The failure of the Japanese to seize their opportunity in the Pacific was due to a voluntary withdrawal from the world arena in 1636; and that withdrawal, as well as the policy of seclusion which followed it, was the direct result of Christian propagandism in general, and the political activity of Spanish and Portuguese priests in particular. The Jesuits and the Franciscans had made trouble in Japan from the very moment when they began to acquire influence and power. Their courage and devotion were admirable, but they were fiercely and fanatically intolerant, and wherever they could get the support of feudal chiefs they persecuted the Buddhists, destroyed their temples, threw down their sacred images, intrigued against the Central Government, and carried on a proselyting campaign of intimidation and violence, which ended in general turmoil and disorder.

The Japanese were not hostile to foreigners in the beginning, nor did they object to Christian teaching. On the contrary, the Shoguns were extremely tolerant in matters of religion, and to the first missionaries as well as to the first foreign merchants who visited the country they gave every possible encouragement. In the words of Brinkley, who is perhaps the best Western authority upon this period, "Nobunaga was the constant friend of foreigners in general, and of the missionaries in particular. The Jesuits themselves said of him, 'This man seems to have been chosen by God to open and prepare the way for our faith.' Hideyoshi signed a patent licensing missionaries to preach throughout Japan, and exempting not only their houses and churches from the billeting of soldiers, but also the priests themselves from local burdens. Iyeyasu showed no intolerance to either Spaniards or Portuguese. He issued two official patents in 1602 sanctioning the residence of the fathers in Kyoto, Osaka, and Nagasaki; he employed Father Rodriguez as interpreter to the Court at Yedo, and in 1603 he gave munificent succor to the Jesuits, who were reduced to dire straits owing to the capture by the Dutch of the great ship from Macao, and the consequent loss of several years' supplies for the mission in Japan. It is thus seen that each of the great trio of Japan's sixteenth-century statesmen—Nobunaga, Hideyoshi, and Iyeyasu—adopted at the outset a most tolerant demeanor towards Christianity."

The rulers of Japan did not become hostile even to the Jesuits and the Franciscans until, after watching their methods for more than a quarter of a century, they became satisfied that their political activity was becoming a serious menace to the safety and integrity of the Empire. The danger that they particularly feared was indicated in the answer given by the captain of a Spanish galleon to a question put to him by one of Hideyoshi's officers, viz.: "How did Spain acquire such extended sway?" "Our kings," replied the Spaniard, "begin by sending into the countries that they wish to conquer missionaries, who induce the people to embrace our religion. When these missionaries have made considerable progress, troops are sent, who combine with the new Christians, and then our kings have not much trouble in accomplishing the rest."

Japan at that time had just been unified and reduced to order after nearly two centuries of civil war; and the danger that the

Spaniards or the Portuguese might combine with the Christianized followers of some powerful and discontented *daimio* and overthrow the government of the Shogun was not wholly imaginary. Something of the kind did happen when an insurrection broke out in the Christianized province of Shimabara, and when the insurgents, to the number of fifteen or twenty thousand, with red cross flags and cries of "Jesus!" "Maria!" and "St. Iago!" attacked the Imperial troops. This so-called "Christian revolt of Shimabara" finally determined the foreign policy of Japan. The Shoguns were not afraid that any foreign Power, or any possible combination of Powers, would be able to subjugate Japan by means of direct and open invasion; but they did fear, and had good reason to fear, that foreign troops coming to the support of a formidable Christian insurrection, inspired by fanatical Romish priests and led by discontented or disloyal *daimios*, might seriously threaten the security and independence of the State. They therefore decided to expel the Jesuits, the Franciscans, and the Dominicans; to stamp out the "diabolical religion" which had been the source of so much dissension and disorder; and, finally, to prevent by forcible measures its future reintroduction. All Christian priests were then banished from the country; their Japanese converts were compelled to abjure their faith, and an edict was issued declaring non-intercourse with Christian nations, prohibiting the construction of ships large enough to sail to Christian countries, confiscating all ships of that kind then in existence, and forbidding Japanese to visit any Christian port or settlement upon penalty of death.

In 1640 the Portuguese of Macao sent an embassy to Nagasaki with presents for the Mikado and a petition for the re-establishment of amicable relations and the resumption of international trade. The galleon that brought the envoys was burned in the harbor; the four ambassadors and fifty-seven of their attendants were put to death; and the few who were permitted to live were sent back to Macao with this message from the Governor:

"Inform the inhabitants of Macao that the Japanese wish to receive from them neither gold, nor silver, nor any kind of presents or merchandise; in a word, absolutely nothing that comes from them. You are witnesses that I have caused even the clothes of those who were executed yesterday to be

burned. Let them do the same with respect to us, if they find occasion to do so; we consent to it without difficulty. Let them think of us no more, just as if we were no longer in the world. While the sun warms the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let them all know that if King Philip of Spain himself, or the very God of the Christians, or even the great Buddha, should contravene this prohibition, he would pay for it with his head."

What must the tolerant and courteous Japanese have suffered from the Christian propaganda before they took such action and made such threats!

Thus ended foreign intercourse with Japan in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Spanish and Portuguese priests had been in the country almost a hundred years; and the result of their work was the embitterment of the Japanese against a religion that ought to have been attractive and helpful, the closing of the island empire to influences that might have been stimulating and uplifting, and the complete paralysis of Japan's maritime activity at the very moment when its opportunities were greatest.

It is always more or less unsafe to say that a certain thing would have happened if another certain thing had not happened; but it seems extremely probable now that if Spanish and Portuguese priests had never made their appearance in Japan we never should have acquired California. The chances are that it would have been settled by the Japanese at least a century before the first American crossed the Rocky Mountains. The only thing that prevented such settlement was the prohibition of big-ship building, which the priests were responsible for, which was in force for more than two centuries, and which made it dangerous, if not impossible, for a Japanese to plan or construct a vessel large enough to navigate the high seas.

If the Japanese were in possession of California now, and if, fearing the "teeming millions" and the "white peril" of the Occident, they barred out our workingmen, subjected us to humiliating examinations at the passes in the Sierras, mobbed us occasionally when their race prejudices happened to become inflamed, and enacted an alien land law to deprive us of seventeen thousand acres of land that we had bought and paid for under what we believed to be the sanction and protection of a treaty, what would we think about it?

# MY FATHER'S BUSINESS

A PREACHER'S LIFE AS SEEN BY A PREACHER'S SON

BY BRUCE BARTON

EXCEPT for the Lord, the telephone is my father's only master. And thus again is Scripture fulfilled, for, having two masters, he loves the one and hates the other. At least, if he does not—for I doubt whether there be such an element as hate in my father's nature—we hate the telephone for him, with a quiet, fervent, unrelenting hate. We had settled down for a happy evening when it rang. Mother had said that, so far as she could remember, it was the first evening for three months for which father had had no engagement. We were all at home, coming from the various places where we lived by our own efforts or by father's. He himself had looked forward to the home-coming, and had saved up this evening with the secretive anticipation of a small boy planning a sweet truancy. I almost believe that he had let the impression creep about in the parish that he was to be out of town on this special night; at any rate, we were just comfortably settled when the telephone rang—and he went. Long ago we gave up answering it for him; the calls are always for him, anyway—at least those that come at meal-times and in the heart of sacred evenings.

We watched him disappear through the study door with the sickening dread of those who see a loved one passing out of their lives and are powerless to lift a hand to help. We heard his rich, fine voice in cordial greeting; we listened to his useless little protest and his final acquiescence; and then he came back to us with that patient, half-apologetic smile against which all argument is futile.

"It is Mrs. Gilchrist," he said. "Her boy is sick; she wants very much to have me come over a moment. Just a moment—"

"Why doesn't she get a doctor?" flamed Jim.

"Don't spoil the evening, dad," pleaded Helen. "Goodness knows when we'll all be together again!"

Mother's plea was in her eyes; but she had already brought out his overcoat.

"Just for a moment," he repeated, hopefully; but we *knew*. At ten-thirty we went to bed. It hadn't been a very good evening, after all; somehow, the life went out of it when he

left. And sometime after eleven we heard the front door open to let him in. The Gilchrist boy wasn't very sick, hardly sick at all, he explained to mother; but Mrs. Gilchrist had been much calmed by his presence. He had promised to drop in again in the morning.

I am not in my father's business, though all through my boyhood I had expected to be. I used to think him the greatest man in the world when, as a boy, I bent back my head to look up at him standing straight and powerful in his pulpit. I used to imagine that one day, when I had come back from college, I should stand there beside him while we shared the service together. I have not changed my estimate of him in the succeeding years. In the daily routine of business I have met a good many men counted famous; but I regard him still as one of the great men of his generation, one whose usefulness few men's lives can equal. Yet I am not in my father's business, though he wanted me there very much, and for many years I wanted it too.

It is a pleasant superstition entertained by many men in religious and social service work that, had they engaged to serve Mammon instead of the Lord, they would unquestionably have become very rich. But in my father's case, though I never heard him mention it, there is no particle of doubt. He had completed his law training with high honors, and was already engaged in the successful practice of his profession as counselor for an enterprising group of young men who were developing some oil properties. The company was formed and stock allotted to the various members of the group, my father receiving his share for the legal service rendered, when there came to him the call to the ministry. He answered. The little money which the stock was then worth went into his theological training and to finance mother and Jim and me. And when the three years of training were over—years in which he had walked ten miles on every Sunday to preach to the little congregation that gave him eight dollars each week and their unflinching love—he moved with us into the comparative affluence of a village parish at twelve hundred dollars a year.

And his share of the stock that he had surrendered in the service of the Lord was worth at that time a hundred thousand dollars! I never heard him refer to that but once. It was on a day some ten years later, when he looked up from his desk to tell mother that at last we were entirely out of debt.

"We might have been much richer if we hadn't served the Lord," he laughed; and she laughed too, and patted his head.

She had washed and scrubbed and ironed for us, and cut our hair, through all the years of that country ministry. And I remember the thrill of the day when she brought out a pair of real pants that she had cut out of father's old black pulpit suit, and told me that they were for me. Looking back on those days, I have puzzled myself to figure how in the world she managed it. It isn't as though there had been only the six children and father and herself. That might have been accomplished on twelve hundred dollars, I suppose. But I cannot remember a time when there were not from one to four outsiders living in our home, to be fed at our table and clothed out of the common fund.

Even before I came—and I am the eldest—these foster-children had arrived. There was a poor ignorant boy, and a girl whose parents abused her. These came to our house as the only place of refuge that the village offered, and there they remained for fourteen years. The boy had made his way through college and a professional school with father's help, and the girl was established in a home of her own. After them—or rather at intervals during their stay—came three cousins eager for an education: a young man recovering from a long illness, and a man and wife who had found the city struggle too hard for them. These last stayed, I remember, seven months, until even the patient soul of my mother was a little tried. And after them there was a girl whom life had thrown down and trampled upon. She stayed eight years, and only a month ago she dined at our house with her husband and their three little ones. There was never any real honeymoon for my father and mother. Some one has shared their home from the very first day. Sometimes the invasion has assumed the proportions of a mass-meeting. I remember one Christian Endeavor Convention in particular, when twenty-two people, in addition to the four who were at that time our regular charge, ate and slept at our house.

It was part of my father's business. If he or mother ever complained about it, I never heard them. They were the servants of the Lord, blessed with his bounty to the extent of three thousand dollars a year—for father's salary grew to that point. It was theirs to expend in his work, to be used up to the last cent in his service. And they performed miracles which make the feeding of the five thousand seem a story entirely plausible.

For twenty years now they have lived in a Middle Western city. It was a raw village when they went there, and little by little and day by day they have recreated it into something like their own generous image. From the railway station to the last residence, and from the water-tower to the soldiers' monument, there is hardly a street or an institution or even a home that does not bear somewhere my father's finger-marks. The railway tracks that bring you into the city are elevated. My father did that in a ringing sermon after the train had killed the Chester boy. The first corner store is a grocery. The proprietor's hair is a little gray now, and he drives an automobile. But twenty years ago, when the hard times were on him and he was struggling to establish himself, it was my father's word of suggestion, dropped to a parishioner here and there on his round of pastoral calls, that saved the day. The Joneses live in the first big house on the principal residence street. My father has married each of the children, and one of them, through his influence, is a medical missionary, the only healing agent among a couple of hundred thousand Chinese. The city park opposite their house would have been covered with apartment buildings but for my father, who agitated from the pulpit and through the newspapers until the city at length voted bonds to buy the whole tract; and the taxpayers who criticised him most for inducing the city to increase its debt are the ones who point to the park with greatest pride now that the city has grown up to it. There are four little churches in the newer, poorer sections of the city, the only community influence in these little settlements of newcomers. My father built those, inducing his own members to reach down into their pockets for each one. There is no telling how often they might have increased his salary had he not kept them poor in good causes such as these. Of all the churches in the denomination, his has the record for its philanthropies; but the stream of its

good works would have long run dry except for the tonic of his unwavering demand and unflagging enthusiasm. Twenty-five thousand people have moved into the city since we came. And, if you were to number those whose lives he has touched in their days of happiness or their nights of pain, who have cast their burdens upon him, or in whose souls he has created a new vision by casting on them the burden of some good enterprise, you would not miss many names in the city directory. Not one out of every hundred knows that he has touched the other ninety-nine, for to each one his ministration seems a little special bit of godliness which he has stepped aside to bestow. But I know, for I have seen him for thirty years, from six o'clock in the morning, which is his hour of study and sermon-writing, until midnight and after. And in all these years I have not known him to complain. It is his business.

During my last year in college I finally abandoned the idea of entering my father's business, and it was for no one of the reasons that I have most often heard given by men who have turned away from the ministry. True, I lost something out of my bundle of beliefs in college; but my belief was still there, vigorous enough, and adequate, I think, to have nerved men's souls. Nor was the financial consideration of any special weight. We never had any money, and I had no special desire for it. Our lives seemed to me rich enough in associations, in intellectual enjoyments and solid worth, to compensate fully for any lack of more vulgar luxuries. Rather, the thought of the ministry began to lose its appeal as I came to know myself, to realize that never under any possible conditions could I be as successful in it as my father had been.

For one thing, I knew that I could not live as he had lived, from lack of the very physical strength. I live a hard-working life, among hard-working men, but I do not know one who could duplicate his experience for a month and not break down under it. It is not merely the long hours and the wide variety of the demands—the necessity for doing solid, constructive, intellectual work under conditions of constant and distracting demand. It is rather the tug and strain upon the emotions and the sympathies that is nerve-destroying. A lawyer may speak a dozen times a week, as he does, and still not feel it. A doctor may travel all day and half the

night between the grief of death-beds and the joy of weddings. But no doctor or lawyer that I know could combine these functions and find time to be a sympathetic friend to one thousand soul-sapping people besides.

And in that last phrase, I presume, lies the other real reason why I am not in my father's business. I could preach—in fact, I do occasionally, and I like it. I give a certain amount of my goods to feed the poor, and expect to give more now that I am almost rich enough to be sure my children can have an education and I can break even with the world when I pass on. I don't mind giving my body to be burned if I can know that a sufficient crowd is going to be warmed to make it worth while. But to *love*, as my father does, is somehow not in me. Love that is big enough to stop in the middle of an absorbing sermon to answer a perfectly useless call for help; love that can waste an hour of a big, throbbing mind on a foolish meeting of a woman's society; love that, burdened with the needs of sinners, can still respond unshirkingly to the petty demands of the righteous for attention; love that is never tired nor hurried nor impatient nor too busy—somehow, I don't have that, and can't seem to get it. And it's the mainspring, I know, of my father's business.

I handle a big organization of men, and I make more money than he has ever made—ten times as much as he made at my age. I try to convince myself that I am doing as important a thing in my business as he did in his; I say to myself that the ministry hampers a man too much, that it is a shame to have an intellect like his tapped and sapped in so many thousand trivial ways. But, with all this effort at self-assurance, I fall somehow short of being quite assured. I have a long time to live, compared to him, and I don't know where I may end, nor how many libraries I may be able to endow, nor how many families may yet draw their living from the business I shall build up. But I know this: that when he is gone, the four cities where he has had his churches will almost close their doors for a day. Ten thousand men and women with whom he has laughed or wept, whom he has baptized or married, or cheered or comforted, will write letters to my mother and tell their children that a good man has gone. Living close beside him even as I have, knowing his affairs and handling his check-book and reading his mail, I yet have little notion of how far the circle of that grief

may spread. That it will touch China and India and Japan and Turkey and the remote corners of this country I know. But a life that for fifty years has sweetened other lives a hundred times a day—who can see to its real horizon?

When I think thus of his influence, I am half inclined to believe that my boyish estimate of my father as I looked up at him from that dingy pastor's pew was very nearly correct. It is one thing to have contact with lives as I have it in business; but quite another thing to reach one's hand down into the soul of a man, to reshape a life, as he every day has done. If the lives that he has recre-

ated pass their influence down through the ages, I sometimes wonder whether, after all, there will be any of his generation who will achieve a more tremendous immortality; whether, a thousand years from now, there will be any spiritual progeny more numerous or useful than his. My job, and most of the good-paying jobs that are held by friends of mine, could be abolished without greatly disturbing the general scheme of things. A good many other men are doing work just like ours, and some one would have been found for our places had we never been born. But no one could quite have taken *his* place in the world.

## COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

### ENGLISH AND AMERICAN BUSINESS METHODS

I AM in England on a short business trip. I have been here many times previously. So have thousands of other American business men, and it is difficult to write of any aspect of English life that has not been exhaustively discussed in current American literature. We of the United States boast that England is becoming "Americanized." This is true. There are trolley cars, elevated railways, subways, department stores, high buildings, and tango teas here, and "Potash and Perlmutter" is one of the recent theatrical successes in London.

On the other hand, the stamp of English civilization is upon very nearly everything in the United States, and it is not surprising that the mother should have been willing to follow the example of the child in adopting some of the utilities with which American ingenuity has inconvenienced life.

In doing this the English emphasize the essential difference between themselves and the other peoples of the world, including the Americans. We think of the British, and they like to be thought of, as insular and conservative. As a matter of fact, they are the most open-minded and venturesome people on the face of the earth, far surpassing the Americans in this respect. The English Empire and English commerce have been built up by taking risks and accepting new

ideas. There are many Englishmen who will resent this statement, but it is nevertheless true. It is often said that you can insure or underwrite anything in England at a price. The other day, after the first news of the disaster to the Empress of Ireland had been received, it was for a time practicable to insure her against total loss for a premium of thirty to fifty per cent. This meant that there were people willing to wager "big odds" that the news was untrue or exaggerated.

The two most hazardous businesses in the world financially are mining and shipping. In both of them the English are specialists. In the London market it is nearly always possible to get money to develop a mine or build a ship, provided the "odds" offered are "long" enough.

The difference between the Englishman and the American in this respect is not one of courage, but of deliberation and calculation. The American is also willing to take risks; but his natural optimism leads him to underestimate the chances of loss and to accept obligations which are out of relation to his means. This is perhaps due to the fact that financial recuperation is easier in the United States than elsewhere, and the possibility of temporary failure is therefore less terrifying. As one looks over the list of securities traded

in on the London Stock Exchange, he is amazed at the geographical range of English investments. The shares of gold and diamond mining companies in Africa; zinc, tin, and sulphide mines in Australia; copper mines in Asia; iron works in the Argentine and street railways in Brazil; and the governmental obligations of every country in the world, are all quoted, and a whole page of the London "Times" is required to print even a partial list of the securities for which prices were made on a comparatively dull day.

It is evident that such a market cannot have been maintained for more than a century without an organization for the intelligent determination of values and a willingness on the part of large capitalists to risk their money on the opinions so arrived at.

It is precisely this combination that exists in London, and the open-mindedness with which the man of ideas is received here is in refreshing contrast to his difficulties elsewhere. The one essential to his reception is that he should be introduced as honest, for the first thing to which the Englishman looks is the moral hazard. Being satisfied in this respect, the other details become simply matters of mathematical and scientific calculation, and are turned over to those who are qualified by experience to deal with them.

The London equipment of experts in every commercial and scientific department is extraordinary. Whether it is a new electrical machine, a packing-house, a railway, or a mine, men of ability who have made a life study of that particular thing are to be found here, and their opinions are formed in the light of the most recent knowledge in regard to their specialties.

As I write, there is advertised for public subscription here the shares of "The Bachellet Levitated Railway," for which enterprise £100,000 is desired. It is brought out under the most respectable auspices, and is described in the prospectus as "being able to attain a speed of 300 miles an hour for any distance, and as having no locomotives, no engines, no motors, no wheels, no gearings, and practically no friction other than that caused by air resistance."

If I had been without any knowledge of

the principle of electrical levitation as applied in this invention, the claims made for it would have seemed unbelievable. I happen to know that they are true, and I know also that the inventor, who is an American, tried unsuccessfully for years to get American capital to finance his enterprise, and found it in London after a few months' effort.

The same statement applies in a general way to wireless telegraphy and the flying-machine, both of which were financed principally by English capital.

Mistakes are, of course, made and losses are incurred as a result of this willingness to try the untried; but the risks assumed are carefully measured and an endeavor is made to apply the law of average so that, if only one venture out of a number is successful, the profit realized compensates for the money lost in the things that go wrong. That the methods practiced are in the long run successful is proved by the fact that in accumulated wealth England is the richest country in the world and constantly growing richer.

The natural resources of the United States give us a National wealth that exceeds that of Great Britain; but it is not of our own making, and, as a measure of money-getting ability, is not to be compared with the accumulation that has been amassed by the population of this little island which, in both area and physical resources, is surpassed by many of our States.

No abatement of American self-respect is involved in asking why the English have thus far outstripped all other peoples in commerce and finance.

The answer, suggested by a comparatively close acquaintance with business methods on both sides the Atlantic, is that the Englishman faces the inevitable risks of business life with a philosophy that is at once courageous and scientific. He goes to the ends of the earth in search of opportunity, and, having found it, proceeds to attempt its development with a calculated method that never loses sight of the possibility of failure while hoping and striving for success.

In this respect Americans have much to learn from our "kin across the sea."

London, June, 1914.

# THE SPECTATOR

**D**ISASTERS, according to a common theory, often occur in close succession, as with crimes, which are occasionally epidemic. But another more comfortable theory declares that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. The latter theory was the one that heartened the Spectator as he and Mrs. Spectator went aboard the steamer New York at Cherbourg a few days after they had read the fearful tidings of the Empress of Ireland disaster. Following the collision that sent that ship to the bottom, the Spectator reasoned, sea captains would be more cautious than ever, and a safe and speedy passage would be assured. Then, too, would not a seasoned old ship like the New York, that had long ago "found herself," be safer than one of the new leviathans of the sea?

The New York had seen twenty-six years of service and ought to know her work. A certificate from the Department of Commerce assured her passengers that she was a good maritime risk for twenty years more. And a voyage in June, is it not like the traditional trip across a millpond? So it often proves. But all signs fail at times, and the New York began her voyage with something like a tempest. "Moderate gale," the conservative sailors called the second day's wind, and with a sea abeam even experienced voyagers gave up their trips to the dining-room. It was ominous, too, that so many vessels were met. First a Cunarder passed the New York, then a Hamburg-American steamer, then a "tramp," then another Cunarder—why were not the ships keeping to their own "ocean lane," we wondered? Surely the mariners try to give each other a wide berth, for when the New York overtook La Provence, of the French line, in full daylight, our careful captain made a wide detour about her, to the interest of all his passengers, before he left her far astern.

But when the New York's troubles with heavy weather seemed over, and the last day on board was approaching, with its accompaniments of packing trunks, making customs declarations, and preparations for a "mock trial" and a "ship's concert"—then the fog set in! Here even that marvel of inventions, the wireless, is lacking in some emergencies. When two vessels are approaching each other

through dense fog, the wireless may indeed tell that the vessels are getting nearer and nearer, but the fog whistles do this with even more certainty. The wireless cannot record the direction in which a ship near by lies. And the fog whistles do not, the sailors say, "sound true;" that is, the apparent direction in which the whistle sounds may be, to the best ear, opposite to the true direction.

The hoarse shrieking of the New York's fog siren awoke the Spectator, who is a light sleeper, at half-past three on Saturday morning—the fateful 13th, by the way. There was a hysterical note in the whistling, for our steamer was rapidly repeating her warnings, and then suddenly came an answering sound that seemed terrifying in its nearness. Instead now of the measured blasts of the warning given during a fog, there were rapid exchanges of signals in frantic directions as to port and starboard, followed by the reversal of the New York's engines and the tremendous vibration that follows an order of "Full speed astern." Then came a sound of voices and a crashing of iron plates and wooden partitions. The Spectator leaped from his berth and aroused Mrs. Spectator. "We have been hit," he announced, "and it will be best to dress at once. There may be no danger, but—" The astute lady immediately spoke of life-preservers, and before the Spectator could fairly sense the situation she had pulled down two of the belts, drawn her long, heavy cloak about her, put her arms through the life-preserver's fastenings, offered the other jacket to the Spectator, and calmly announced that she was ready to go. Hastily accepting the offer, though sockless and shoeless, the Spectator adjusted the belt around his overcoat, that had been slipped over his trousers, and the two stepped from the state-room door to the deck. Just beyond the steamer's rail loomed up a portentous black monster, which in the dim, misty light seemed the image of Fate itself. Hundreds of demon-like eyes—the electric lights of the aggressor—burned themselves through the black monster's visage. The great craft, far larger than our own, had struck us near the bow, had ripped out a section thirty feet long and twelve feet deep, and then had swung round, sidwiping us slightly as she passed out of the Spectator's sight. Did that crunching of iron plates and that sudden list to starboard

mean that we were a doomed ship? The Spectator looked about him for an answer.

Throng of people were on deck. Gentlemen in pajamas were to be seen talking earnestly with friends in overcoats and life belts; white-faced women were on deck in almost equal numbers, most of them clad in cloaks or wraps hastily snatched up. The wonderful thing was that nobody seemed unduly excited or hysterical. Everybody was quietly asking everybody else, "Are we badly hurt?" The ship's crew were most of them behaving splendidly, some of them standing by the boats waiting for orders, others going about telling passengers not to be alarmed. A number of passengers started forward to satisfy themselves about the injury that the Pretoria—for this was the name of the invading ship—had inflicted. The Spectator, after conducting Mrs. Spectator back to her stateroom and assuring himself that immediate sinking was unlikely, joined the crowd and made a hurried visit forward. There was a gaping hole in our good ship's bow, but everybody was saying, "Thank God, it is all above the water line!" Strangest of all, stuck fast in the rent made in the bow, mute evidence of the onslaught of the aggressor, was one of the Pretoria's anchors! The anchor had just missed killing the firemen who had a few minutes before been called from their berths to relieve the watch then on duty. Running back to the stateroom, the Spectators dressed more fully and went out to hear and relate experiences.

Needless to say, there were no late sleepers on that morning. Passengers gathered in groups on decks and in cabins and told about where they had been and what they had seen. One man had been thrown out of his berth by the collision; a sailor had narrowly escaped being struck by falling fragments of iron in his berth; a woman whose devotion to two toy spaniels had attracted general attention told how one of her pets had "put his arms around her neck" and held to her as she hastily made her preparations for a possible journey in the lifeboat; men who had been in previous disasters told of hairbreadth escapes; ladies told of their attempts to separate their devoted spouses from their cash—in other words, of appeals to the prudent breadwinner to "leave your money and everything and come on deck;" mothers told of

their endeavors to dress sleepy children unconscious of the impending danger. Then, in the slowly growing light of the dawn, the magic word "Coffee" was heard, and passengers came from all parts of the ship to the New York's cheerful dining-room to drink the cheering beverage and be comforted.

The comical element is not lacking in such an experience. After the knowledge spread that the New York was not to sink, the Spectator found himself talking with a tall elderly gentleman clad in a long overcoat buttoned tightly over a suit of underclothes. In the midst of his talk the gentleman, his excitement not yet over, suddenly asked the Spectator the amazing question, "Did you wash your face this morning?" Astonished, the Spectator asked, "Why?" "Because you look so clean. I'm sure I don't!" and the elderly gentleman took a sudden dive down a companionway to make up for his forgetfulness.

The even flow of life moves calmly on in a well-ordered ship even after the dreadful experience of a collision. Cooks go on cooking, bakers bake, waiters wait, and diners dine after a narrowly averted disaster just as before. And soon the New York's daily routine was established again. The roll-call of the army of table stewards found no one missing, and breakfast was served at the usual hour. And such is the blessed resilience of the human spirit that a few hours after death had stared passengers and crew in the face everybody was going about cheerful and smiling, babies were playing, and all was calm again. There was one noticeable difference, however. In a ship which had been the scene of much innocent diversion during most of the week, nobody, not even the most light-hearted, thought of proposing a game. The quoit-players and the shuffleboard devotees and the laughing girls and the skylarking boys had no heart for amusement.

One point in connection with the accident was emphasized by an old shipbuilder who conversed with the Spectator in the dawn of the eventful day on the New York. Nowadays," he said, "vessels are built with sharp bows. This old ship, solidly constructed as it is, has a 'swan stem,' with something like a bowsprit. It was this over-

hanging bow that broke the force of the collision. The bow was stove in on the top, and all the plates above the water line were crushed. But in a modern boat, with its straight stem, the force of the impact would have been felt down to and under the water line, and the whole stem might have been cut off or left agape. Then the outcome for us might have been—but let us congratulate ourselves that the old builders had some good ideas.”



The finale of the nerve-racking experience came in the joyful home-coming of the New

York, a day late after her narrow escape and after the terrors of the night following the collision, when, in a fog of equal density, sorely wounded and frequently lying to while her whistle sounded warning to approaching eastward-bound steamers and to the fishing-boats off Nantucket, her passengers nearly all remained awake, fully dressed, in cabins or staterooms or on deck. As Mr. and Mrs. Spectator walked ashore from the gangplank, “I think,” said the latter, “that the ocean is not big enough for the ships that sail on it. Let’s take our next trip abroad in an aeroplane.”

## THE NEW BOOKS

**Ethics and Modern Thought.** By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Margaret von Seydewitz. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.

Dr. Eucken distinguishes no less than four kinds of morality which compete for men's allegiance—religious morality, the morality of reason or of immanent idealism, the morality of work, and social morality. He exposes the limitations of the three last named, and holds that religious morality can be opposed only because of too low an idea of morality, or an exaggerated notion of the real condition of humanity. He sees everywhere the activity of spiritual forces in creating and developing an inner world, and that these are mostly turned into the lower channels of intellectual, æsthetic, economic, and civic activity; also that on this plane the spiritual forces fail to overcome the discords and evils of life. They need the moral reinforcement of religion, strong in its conscious alliance with the spirit of God immanent and active in his world. Thus Christianity overcame the paganism outwardly far stronger. Thus the Lutheran Reformation conquered, while the soft and beautiful Renaissance succumbed.

Religion is not a system of doctrines and institutions, but action and life for the uplift of humanity in all its conditions to a higher and purer level. The quintessence of morality is its detachment of life and aspiration from “the little Ego” to take root in a spiritual world, where we find our essential being, and find that in working for it we work for our own spiritual self-preservation. The six short addresses in this rich little volume were given a year ago at New York University.

**Church in Rome in the First Century (The).** The Bampton Lectures for 1913. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50.

This, the latest in the series of the Bampton Lectures at Oxford, begun in 1780, is devoted

to a critical “examination of various controverted questions relating to the history, chronology, literature, and traditions” of the Church in Rome in the first century. A polemic interest has raised the question whether Peter ever visited Rome. That he did, and was the first pastor of the church there, is conclusively shown. The date of his coming is stated as A.D. 42. The book of Acts leaves Paul at Rome awaiting trial, A.D. 62, and his subsequent history is uncertain. Good ground is given here for believing that he was acquitted and released; then, after a missionary tour to Spain, he returned to Rome, and suffered martyrdom there with Peter, A.D. 65 or 66. Both interesting and satisfying is the light here thrown upon Paul's faithful fellow-workers Aquila and Priscilla. Residents of Rome when Peter came there, early members of the Church, exiled by Claudius, A.D. 50, then at Corinth and Ephesus actively co-operating with Paul, afterwards settled at Rome again, their house a meeting-place for a Christian assembly, the ancient cemetery of Priscilla now entombs their remains near those of a noble Roman family with which they were connected. Did Priscilla write the Epistle to the Hebrews, as Harnack has suggested? Most critics ascribe it to Paul's eloquent collaborer Apollos. Much stronger evidence is here adduced for Paul's fellow-Apostle Barnabas as its author. Still another mooted question is the date and authorship of John's Revelation. As evidencing an earlier date than most assign, effective use is made of parallels between what Tacitus and other historians relate of the Empire's calamities after the Neronian persecution and the fall of “Babylon”—the persecuted Christians' cryptic term for Rome—described in Revelation xiv. and xviii. The ample learning with which in these and other important points the author supports the testimony of

ancient tradition and maintains his challenge to opinions now widely received gives importance to his work.

**Memories of Two Wars.** By Frederick Funston, Brigadier-General U. S. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

General Funston's stirring narrative of war days in Cuba and the Philippines appears just as attention is centered upon his responsible task at Vera Cruz. He writes like a soldier, one who has had an adventurous and daring personal record. It is interesting to read his tribute to Aguinaldo as being "a man of many excellent qualities, far and away the best Filipino I ever was brought in contact with." The story of Aguinaldo's capture is told with complete frankness, and without any apology (or need of an apology) for the ruse by which it was accomplished. The whole story is marked by vivacity, and every incident is told with effectiveness and vigor. Young men in particular will find the book lively and exciting reading.

**Children of the Dead End.** By Patrick MacGill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.35.

This is in fiction form the autobiography of an Irish navvy or day laborer—"navvy" was originally "navigator," and meant a wandering worker at heavy tasks, such as railway building. Mr. MacGill's navvy had hard work, poor living, and wretched companionship. He tells his experiences with resentment and a rough realism, but gives the impression of a naturally sensitive and imaginative spirit. The brutality and sordid ignorance of his life arouses one's pity and a fierce desire that the standard of life for men like him be raised.

**Stories of Russian Life.** By Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

This volume contains twenty-four stories by a writer who stands in the front rank of contemporary Russian makers of fiction. Many of these stories are dramatic sketches. They are brief, and develop but a single incident or character, but they have the stamp of that intense reality which is characteristic of the best Russian fiction. Everybody in the book seems to live; and the landscape, both mental and physical, is sketched with graphic energy and vitality. The book is wonderfully alive, and gains variety from its fresh and characteristic humor.

**Upper Reaches of the Amazon (The).** By Joseph F. Woodroffe. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

In this book Mr. Woodroffe tells a plain, simple story of his eight years' wandering along the numberless affluents of the mighty Amazon and in the dense primeval forests and jungles of the great Amazon Valley. During that time, in his capacity in turn of trader, storekeeper, laborer, fisherman, and rubber-gatherer, he met with many adventures, suffered great hardship, but acquired an intimate knowledge of condi-

tions such as few men possess. In the first chapters of the book the author describes the leading centers of trade and industry in this region, his experiences as a trader and storekeeper and his interesting life and adventures among the native Indians. In the later chapters he tells with great moderation what he saw in the rubber camps.

The report of the Putumayo atrocities shocked the whole world, and the author dismisses this with complimentary words to the men who made the disclosures and aided in the work of reform. But he avers that there are many other districts in Peru, Bolivia, and some parts of Colombia and Ecuador where equally obnoxious conditions prevail, and where slavery, shame, and vice are rampant. He states that "the conditions under which wild rubber is produced on the Amazon and its affluents must be classed as one of the most nauseating horrors of the century. Difficult it is to talk of these things," he adds, "and impossible to prove them to the outside world at present, yet some day they will be known and perhaps become less frequent, when travelers tire of searing their souls and rouse civilization by telling what they have been obliged to witness, and showing by the aid of the camera incontrovertible proof of the conditions under which thousands of human beings are obliged to sacrifice their existence to the enriching of a few and the comforts of unthinking, self-satisfied peoples like our own."

Mr. Woodroffe, in addition to giving us a most interesting and trustworthy account of life in this little-known region of the world, has performed a great public service by writing this book.

**Art in Flanders.** By Max Rooses. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

M. Max Rooses is the Director of the Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp. M. Rooses's previous writings will whet the art lover's appetite for what he has to tell us about art in Flanders. The small volume, forming a part of the "General History of Art" series, must have limited the author unpleasantly, because there is much to say about Flemish art, and M. Rooses is well qualified to say it. Then, too, half the space must needs be given to the many excellent illustrations. Perhaps the most interesting and instructive features of the book are its descriptions of art in Flanders to the end of the Romanesque period, and of that art during the nineteenth century. We are all fairly familiar with the great names in Flemish art—with Rubens, for instance. But we know much less about the Flemish art of the early period and of our own time. And yet we go to Brussels and Antwerp; we admire the splendid new structures there; we admire some of the modern Belgian, Flemish, or other sculpture and some of the modern Belgian paintings. Recently, in America several cities have had the advantage of

becoming better acquainted with one of the most striking names in the history of Belgian sculpture—Constantin Meunier. Through the energy of Miss Sage, Director of the Albright Gallery at Buffalo, a collection of Meunier's works has been shown in that city, in Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago, and other places, and has attracted deserved attention everywhere. After one has seen it, Belgian modern sculpture will prove in general more interesting, even though no other sculptor reaches Meunier's high level of realism. M. Rooses says: "Such is [was] Meunier's conviction and mastery that a statuette by him is as moving as a monumental group."

**Elizabeth and Mary Stuart.** By Frank Arthur Mumby. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.  
**On the Left of a Throne.** By Mrs. Evan Nepean. The John Lane Company, New York. \$3.

Two biographical works of unequal merit to the historical student have just appeared. Both have to do with English history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Mr. Mumby's study of the feud between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots is vivid because illustrated by many contemporary letters. Of all baffling personalities, the Queen of Scots seems one of the most mystifying. Perhaps Mr. Mumby throws some light upon the first phase of her rivalry with Elizabeth; certainly he recreates for us the atmosphere of the latter half of the fifteenth century in England and Scotland. He does more, for at that time the foundation was laid of the policy which governed Elizabeth's reign. The work is one of those historical and biographical appreciations which deserve the adjective "intimate."

Even more "intimate" is Mrs. Nepean's study of James, Duke of Monmouth, the son of Charles II and Lucy Walter. This is a very feminine book, if by feminine we mean a rather emotional appreciation. The information given and the comment on it remind one somewhat of the modern so-called "society" weekly paper. All that the author really needs to say might have been said, one would think, in smaller compass. At the same time, the book, like Mr. Mumby's, recreates for us the atmosphere of its period.

**Highways and Byways in Shakespeare's Country.** By W. H. Hutton. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

An agreeable addition to a pleasing series. Mr. Hutton for four years wandered up and down Warwickshire from Four Shire Stane in the south to Temple Baisall in the north, and from Upper Shuckton in the east to Wooton Wawen in the west—everywhere finding archaic bits and quaint names. The tourist who knows Stratford, Warwick, Kenilworth, and Broadway will be astonished to find how much of legend, country charm, and historic tradition exists in

parts of Shakespeare-land of which most Americans never heard. The volume is made attractive by many drawings from the pencil of Edmund H. New.

**Income Tax (The).** By Edwin R. A. Seligman. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.

This new edition of Professor Seligman's thorough and authoritative discussion of the income tax in all the countries that have tried it is carefully revised and contains a valuable chapter on the 1913 United States Income Tax Law. This chapter is not only descriptive, but critical and discriminatory, although the treatment is not so full and exhaustive as the author will doubtless give us when the new experiment has been "tried out" in the courts and with the taxpayer.

**Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists (The).** By Robert Tressall. The F. A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.25.

There is bitter irony in this title, for the implication is that the British workingman is unconsciously giving his life for the betterment of the capitalists and not for his own advance. Robert Tressall was a Socialist house-painter. Miss Jessie Pope, into whose hands his novel (if it may so be called) was put for revision and condensing, says, "He wrote his book and died."

Whether or not we take literally this account of the book's origin does not matter. Whoever wrote it had an exact knowledge of the technique and tricks of the trade of painting and decoration. He had equally exact knowledge of the scamping, cheating, gouging, and oppression possible for a grasping firm of contractors in dealing with their non-union employees. He spares us nothing of the profanity and little of the coarseness of the workmen's talk. Their impenetrable stupidity in refusing to combine or to look at economic questions on a larger basis than that of what will happen next Saturday night is thrown into relief. Owen, a convinced Socialist, talks to them with sharpness of argument and clever illustration, but they jeer at him and play the clown. No one can say that the workman is over-praised and the employer abused—in fact, neither side is typically or fairly represented.

The Socialism preached by Owen is of the destructive kind; the attempt to instill constructive Socialism he finds hopeless, and the book ends in despair.

The novel is remarkable; not for any teaching it holds, but for the intimate, convincing picture it gives of at least some workmen and some industrial conditions; its realism is startling; the workingmen who have no community of interest or ideals are actually ultra-conservatives through ignorance, lack of ambition, and bad habits.

# THE READER'S VIEW

## "LETTING IN THE JUNGLE"

All travelers in the tropics know how quickly cultivated land reverts to jungle, and how continuous the struggle against fever and the plague must be in Cuba, Panama, and the Philippines. As quickly as the panic at the coming of the elephant, panther, wild pig, and python enabled them to overrun the Indian village in the Kipling story, so smallpox, cholera, and enteritis excite a terror in men of our breed, and unless they are controlled they effectually bar all colonizing enterprises. The jungle does the rest.

The new Administration has had a free hand in the Philippines. The general approval given to the Tariff Law and the Currency Bill has served as a certificate of good character. At the same time the remoteness of the islands and the widespread indifference to the results of the American occupation have protected important details of Philippine administration from proper publicity and criticism. For example, improper appointments by the Governor of New York or a careless speech by the Speaker of the House at Washington are challenged at once by the daily papers, but similar happenings on the other side of the world lose their umbrage before they are known, if indeed they are known at all. We give all credit for good intentions to the President, but he ought to know the *hara-kiri* which is being committed under his authority in the islands. Of course, as Napoleon said after Trafalgar, "I cannot be everywhere," nor can the President be expected to know the full significance of the acts of his subordinates in Manila or in the mountain province of Luzon. So long as department clerks remain prone to gloss over the errors of their chiefs, first-hand information for the President is exceedingly difficult, if not altogether impossible, to obtain.

The prompt passage of the penal clauses against peonage and slavery raised the greatest expectations as to the efficiency of the new island government. In spite of the dismissal of hundreds of experienced men from the different insular departments, the indiscreet credit given by the new Governor-General for the Filipino indorsement which had secured his appointment, and the withdrawal of military control from the southern islands, men experienced in the ways of the East *hoped* even when their judgment disapproved. But now, as the first hot season is on in Manila, when the American colony is utterly disheartened, and when every berth on every ship is crowded by those whose one wish is to get away from the Philippines, plain words become a matter of public duty.

Not since 1902 has there been such cause for

anxiety. A smallpox scare is now terrifying Manila, and the wholesale increase of flies and mosquitoes attests the "letting in of the jungle." Only the great health and sanitary measures followed indefatigably for the last twelve years keep back such a cholera epidemic as ran its course in 1902. The decrease in the number of American health inspectors and the appointment of Filipino inspectors in their places is the explanation. These native inspectors agree with their neighbors about the uselessness of garbage-cans, and through race or family sympathy fail to report glaring violations of sanitary order. Thus in six months is undone the work of years.

The English change their viceroys in India, but no one of them would think of dismissing one of that great army of military and civilian subordinates who have become specialists in doing the "day's work" in coercing the native population into some scant respect for decency, law, and order. The Health Office of Rangoon, hemmed in as it is by cholera, black smallpox, and bubonic plague, is kept in the hands of medical men impervious to any appeal or command save that conducive to sanitary order. They are under no pressure from native public opinion as to what the natives wish done, but with staccato of voice and bearing enumerate to both tourist and native what they *must* do to survive. The changes in the Philippine civil service under the present Governor-General, coincident with the installation of a new Administration in the United States, threaten to brand the whole country as a failure in colonial as well as municipal government. Judged by the warnings of the first hot season, neither the natives nor the Americans now in power are fit to govern in the Philippines, and we should at once determine to "stay" efficiently in the island, or there will be little but a few figure-heads to withdraw.

EDWIN A. SCHELL.

Mount Pleasant, Iowa.

## WHEN YOUR SON IS A FOOL

Mr. Barton's article "When Your Son is a Fool," in your issue of May 2, sets us thinking. We are reminded of the unconscious rebuke administered to William Wilberforce by the nurse of his children, who, when Wilberforce entered the nursery and the baby burst into tears, said, "Never mind, sir, the baby is always afraid of strangers."

I happen to be the chairman of the Committee on Admissions of an institution for the reclaiming of wayward hoys, and have repeatedly come up against the proposition of the father who is too busy making money to give time to his boys.

Not long ago one such man, who had a large

bakery in a near-by city, frankly confessed, in reply to my suggestion that if he gave a little less time to his bakery and more to his boy he might win the boy back from his evil ways, that he could not attend to both properly, and that he thought that his first duty was to his bakery. No wonder that the boy of such a father is a delinquent!

At the end of his article Mr. Barton tells of the other type of father, the busy man who found time to cut loose from business and enter the baseball arena with his boys. Mr. Barton emphasizes the great advantage to the boy of such companionship. He could have gone further and dwelt on the genuine enjoyment which such a companionship brings to the father.

Speaking again from personal experience, the first vision of home which comes to me—a commuter—at the end of the day is of two small boys standing with bat in hand and ball and gloves ready, waiting to “line ‘em out” at the expense of their father. There is some strain of the muscles, a little lameness of arm, and considerable noise—which last is tolerated by kindly neighbors—but that baseball game is the event of the day.

A man and his wife and little boy were trudging home at dusk. The roughness and length of the road were too much for the little fellow, and, becoming tired, he asked to be taken up in his father's arms. As the father strode along with the boy's arms around his neck, the mother called out, “Take care, father; you are carrying the boy.”

What a good thing it would be if all of us who are fathers would recognize how true it is, in a much larger sense, that we are “carrying the boy.”

S. T. C., JR.

New York.

#### “WHO BROKE THE WINDOW?” ONCE MORE

Your discussion some time ago on “Who Broke the Window?” interested us all very much; as facts are tests for theories, perhaps it might interest you to hear how our boys dealt with this problem.

We live in a city block. Two years ago I went to the door one evening to call my boy, aged eleven, to dinner; I saw him standing before a big policeman slightly in advance of five or six of his boy friends, and evidently remonstrating with the policeman.

Knowing the boys were sure of help if they needed it, I retired without calling them, thinking it better for them to settle their problem themselves, if they could.

Son was late to dinner, and, after a long

silence, said: “Dad, I'd like to ask your advice. One of us fellows broke Mrs. Blank's window; she called a policeman, and he said he'd have to arrest one of us, he didn't care which. I got him to give us till to-morrow afternoon to decide which one.”

“Well,” Father began, “can't you get the guilty party to pay for the window and apologize?”

“But, dad,” protested Son, “Jack is in awful hard luck; he's had to pay for two or three other things lately, and his mother keeps boarders. He just can't afford to pay.”

“So you know who did it?” said Father.

“Yes, but I can't tell,” said Son. “He didn't mean to, and, anyway,” proudly, “we don't tattle; we'd rather pay.”

“Well,” said Father, “take up a subscription. I'll head the list with fifty cents, collect all you can, and then you and I'll make up the deficit, if there is one; then a committee of three of you wait on the lady, pay for the window, and apologize.”

An hour later Son reported that the money was collected, and he and two others were appointed to settle the matter.

Later Son came home with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

“Well,” he began, “we called on Mrs. Blank and apologized and offered the money; she said that she would not accept it till the boy who broke the window came and owned up; she didn't want to punish any of us, but she wanted him to confess. So we went and told Jack. He said, of course, he'd go; we fellows had been awful good to help him, and he'd given all the money he had to pay up. So we four went back and Jack owned up.

“Then Mrs. Blank wouldn't take the money; she said she only wanted to make us careful, and she was ever so nice and pleasant to us, so we thanked her and came away.

“Then we talked it over and decided to buy Mrs. Blank a nice pot of flowers. So we bought them and wrote, ‘From the Boys on the Block,’ on a card and tied it on the flowers and put them on the doorstep and rang the bell and ran away. I guess she was pleased. Here's your share of the money back, Dad; I let you give twenty cents towards the flowers.”

This happened two years ago. The boys still play ball in the street; only one window has been broken since, and the boy who broke it called at the house and paid for it immediately.

The big policeman is the boys' sworn friend, and they often appeal to him for advice and information. (MRS.) MABEL D. WINFIELD.

Brooklyn, New York.

## BY THE WAY

Among the words of deserved praise won by our sailors and marines at Vera Cruz were these of Admiral Fletcher: "During the nine days that we occupied the city of Vera Cruz I was unable to learn of a single case of drunkenness or intoxication among our men. I think this is unparalleled in history."

Miss Selma Lagerlöf, the winner of the Nobel prize for literature in 1909, has just been elected the first woman member of the Swedish Academy. She was also the first woman to receive the Nobel prize for literature, although two other women, Madame Curie and Baroness von Suttner, had each won Nobel prizes in other fields.

The gullibility of would-be authors and playwrights is shown by the fact that a man charged with defrauding by use of the mails had, as alleged, prevailed on 6,200 persons in various parts of the country to pay him from two dollars to twenty dollars each for lessons in moving-picture scenario writing.

Real estate ownership is often a significant indication of the extent of a business. The New York Telephone Company (operating in part of New Jersey as well as in New York) is housed in 130 buildings, and is erecting eleven others, which will contain a gross area of 2,470,000 square feet, or fifty-seven acres of land. It has been estimated that the value of the land the company owns is about \$4,500,000, and close to \$15,000,000 has been expended for the buildings that cover it.

Great Britain, it is stated, imports more than ten times as much tea as coffee; the United States imports more than nine times as much coffee as tea. Englishmen each use more than six pounds of tea in a year, and more than a pound of coffee. Americans each use more than nine pounds of coffee, and about a pound of tea.

A pleasing and significant recognition of the Civil War fidelity of the slaves is seen in the adoption recently by the United Confederate Veterans' Association of resolutions recounting the fact that while the Confederate soldiers were at the front "their Negro slaves at home continued steadily to work and served with a loyalty never before exemplified in the history of the world, taking sacred care (with so few exceptions) of the property and families of their absent masters." It is proposed to erect monuments or other memorials at the State capitals to commemorate these good deeds.

According to a letter from St. Petersburg in the New York "Tribune," the Orthodox Russian Church is having difficulties with "divine healers," prophets, and "self-appointed" saints. No wonder, if this correspondent's report of repressive orders issued by various bishops is

correct. Among the things said to be forbidden to priests are smoking, wearing starched collars, using such dangerous words as "protest" and "opposition," and visiting moving-picture shows. The last offense, it is stated, led to the reduction to deaconhood of one priest; a mass-meeting of protest by the clergy of the diocese followed, with bands and a torchlight parade!

It seems a little late, says a writer in the "Youth's Companion," to diagnose the diseases of Copts who died in Egypt fourteen hundred odd years ago, but a physician has done it. "He has examined the mummies—they are not really mummies, for the bodies were preserved by the dry air of the Nile Valley, and not by artificial means—and finds that some of them died of tuberculosis and others of malaria. He finds also that most of them suffered from pyorrhœa, which is the same thing as Riggs's disease of the teeth. Their teeth are thickly covered with tartar—a fact that shows they knew not the use of the toothbrush."

That was an extraordinary story of escape from perishing of the crew of the *Karluk* told in an official report to the British Government by Captain Bartlett of the *Karluk*, flagship of the Stefansson Arctic exploring ships. The *Karluk* was crushed in the ice off Herald Island on January 16. The ship was hours in sinking, and the twenty-four men aboard not only had ample time to disembark onto the ice, but to take off food supplies, sledges, dogs, clothing necessities, and a large part of their scientific equipment. The survivors of the accident encamped on Wrangell Island, where there is an abundance of game, and Captain Bartlett reported that they were in no danger, although previously they had been given up as lost.

Dr. E. Everling, of Halle, Germany, is trying, the "Scientific American" tells us, to interest aeronauts in making observations of the occurrence of insects at altitudes of several thousand feet above the earth's surface. Very few such observations have heretofore been recorded. Dr. Everling himself, in the course of many balloon voyages, has only once noted an insect (a butterfly) at a great altitude.

Here are some of the questions lately asked in a Bible test instituted by a Chicago church: What man threw stones at a king? What was the origin of the word "shibboleth"? When did the bleating of sheep foretell the loss of a kingdom? What fierce nations were driven out of their cities by hornets? What giant king had an iron bedstead thirteen feet long and six feet wide? What young man lost his temper in an argument with four older friends? Who escaped by the skin of his teeth? Questions of this sort are entertaining, but are not of much value as a real test of acquaintance with the literature of the Hebrew people.